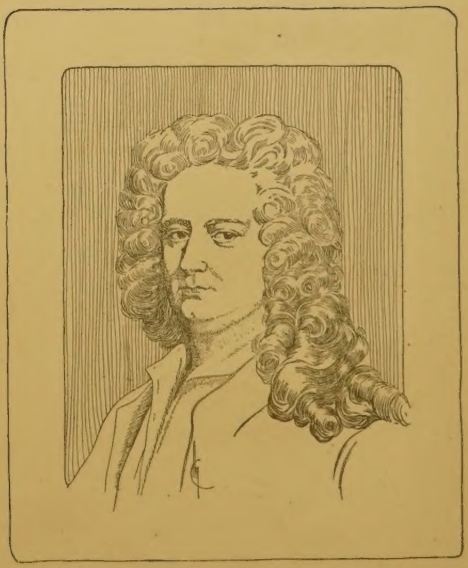
SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY PAPERS

ADDISON



JOSEPH ADDISON

From an old print

THE SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY PAPERS

FROM "THE SPECTATOR"

EDITED
WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES
BY

MARY E. LITCHFIELD

GINN & COMPANY
BOSTON · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · LONDON

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68.1

The Athenæum Press
GINN & COMPANY · PROPRIETORS · BOSTON · U.S.A.

PREFACE.

Sir Roger de Coverley is not a hero of romance; he is, to all intents and purposes, an actual country gentleman who lived in England in the days of Queen Anne; and the *Introduction* and *Notes* in this volume are intended to help the reader go back in imagination to the early years of the eighteenth century. The *Spectator* has been considered in its relation to contemporary movements in literature and politics, since it is in a peculiar sense the product of the age in which it was written. It is hoped that the student may find in the English of the essays, with its few old forms, an easy and pleasant introduction to the more difficult language of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The text as revised by the authors has been followed, except in the matter of spelling and punctuation. Everything relating to Sir Roger that might properly be included has been given, even to brief notices in articles dealing with outside matters. These chance allusions help to make the hero a living character. Henry Morley's edition of the *Spectator* and the two recent editions by George A. Aitken and by G. Gregory Smith have been frequently consulted. Many of the other books used are referred to in the *Notes* and the *Suggestions*. The *Notes* afford necessary information

in regard to persons, events, and customs. Occasionally old or peculiar forms in language are commented on, but in general a note is inserted only in cases where the meaning is not clear. The translations of the mottoes have been furnished in most instances by Miss Mary H. Buckingham, and valuable help in the way of criticism has been given by others.

BOSTON, December, 1898.

CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION: PAGE

I. Political Conditions ix

II. Social Conditions Resulting from Political Events xi

III. The Writers of the Sir Roger de Coverley Papers:

Addison xii

Steele xvi

Budgell xix

IV. Journalism and Party Literature . . xx

V. The Tatler and Spectator and their Predecessors xxi

VI. The Public to which the Spectator Appealed xxiii

VII. Addison and Steele as Writers of the Spectator xxv

VIII. Characteristics of Queen Anne Literature xxv

IX. Literary Qualities of the Sir Roger de Coverley Papers xxvi

X. The Spectator in its Relation to English Life and English Literature . . xxvii

PAGE

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE xxviii

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDENTS xxxv

THE SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY PAPERS:

I. THE SPECTATOR'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF. — *Addison* 1

II. SIR ROGER AND THE CLUB. — *Steele* . . . 5

III. SIR ROGER MORALIZES. — *Steele* 11

IV. A CLUB DEBATE. — *Addison* 16

V. SIR ROGER'S CLIENT. — *Addison* 20

VI. THE SPECTATOR AT COVERLEY HALL. — *Addison* 24

VII. THE COVERLEY HOUSEHOLD. — *Steele* . . 28

VIII. WILL WIMBLE. — *Addison* 32

IX. SIR ROGER'S ANCESTORS. — *Steele* 36

X. COVERLEY GHOSTS. — *Addison* 40

XI. A COUNTRY SUNDAY. — *Addison* 44

XII. SIR ROGER IN LOVE. — *Steele* 48

XIII. THE SHAME OF POVERTY AND THE DREAD OF IT. — *Steele* 53

XIV. LABOR AND EXERCISE. — *Addison* 57

XV. SIR ROGER GOES A-HUNTING. — *Budgell* . . 61

XVI. A VILLAGE WITCH. — *Addison* 67

XVII. SIR ROGER'S REFLECTIONS ON THE WIDOW. — *Steele* 71

XVIII. RURAL MANNERS. — *Addison* 75

XIX. SIR ROGER AT THE ASSIZES. — *Addison* . . 79

XX. THE EDUCATION OF AN HEIR. — *Addison* . . 83

XXI. MISCHIEFS OF PARTY SPIRIT. — *Addison* . . 89

PAGE

XXII. MISCHIEFS OF PARTY SPIRIT (*Continued*). — *Addison* 93

XXIII. GYPSIES AT COVERLEY. — *Addison* . . . 97

XXIV. THE SPECTATOR LOOKS TOWARD LONDON. — *Addison* 101

XXV. TO LONDON BY STAGE-COACH. — *Steele* . . 104

XXVI. SIR ANDREW ARGUES WITH SIR ROGER. — *Steele* 108

XXVII. SIR ROGER IN LONDON. — *Addison* . . . 113

XXVIII. SIR ROGER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY. — *Addison* 119

XXIX. SIR ROGER AT THE PLAY. — *Addison* . . . 123

XXX. WILL HONEYCOMB DISCOURSES. — *Budgell* . . 127

XXXI. SIR ROGER AT VAUXHALL. — *Addison* . . . 131

XXXII. DEATH OF SIR ROGER. — *Addison* . . . 134

XXXIII. A NEW MASTER AT COVERLEY HALL. — *Steele* . 138

NOTES 143

INTRODUCTION.

INTERESTING as they are in themselves, the *Sir Roger de Coverley Papers* must as a literary production be regarded as a part of the *Spectator*, the periodical in which they first appeared; so that in trying to form a just estimate of these essays, we must ask what the *Spectator* was, who were its authors, and under what conditions, political and social, it was produced.

I. POLITICAL CONDITIONS.

The first number of the *Spectator* was given to the world in March, 1711; but before considering the period in which this date occurs — the reign of Queen Anne — it may be well to review hastily the chief political events of the fifty years preceding. These events, whatever their special character, serve but to mark the stages in one great movement — the struggle between the two political systems, government by constitutional methods, and government by an absolute monarch.

Fifty years takes us back to the Restoration in England, and to the early portion of the reign of Louis XIV. in France. For the next quarter of a century and more, the English people were jealously guarding their liberties against the encroachments of their sovereign. Charles II. attempted to govern according to his own will, without the interference

of Parliament; and after his death in 1685, his brother, James II., pursued a policy still more despotic.

Meanwhile, on the Continent, the prospect was dark for the cause of constitutional government. France under her able ruler was becoming so powerful that she seemed likely to make herself mistress of a large part of Europe. Her aggressions finally aroused the neighboring states: alliances were formed against her, and a champion was found in the person of William Henry of Nassau, Prince of Orange. As leader of the allied powers the prince waged a long and on the whole a successful struggle against Louis XIV., the representative of absolute monarchy.

Before James II. succeeded to the throne of England, William of Orange had married his daughter Mary; and after James had been reigning for three years, his subjects, goaded beyond endurance by his acts of tyranny, asked William to come over from Holland with an army and defend their liberties.

The people as a whole realized the necessity of this step; they knew that the measure had been resorted to only because all other expedients had failed; and yet, the sentiment of loyalty to the legitimate sovereign was so deeply rooted in their hearts, that comparatively few of them were genuinely glad when the prince and his wife were crowned as William III. and Mary. As time went on, they wearied of the long wars which their sovereign waged against Louis, and felt that he was wasting the substance of England for the benefit of foreign powers. Consequently the average Englishman, especially if he were a Tory, breathed a sigh of relief when in 1702 William died, and Anne, an English princess and a firm upholder of the national church, ascended the throne.

With the accession of Anne came the supremacy of Marlborough, and the continuation under his leadership of the

struggle against France; but before the *Spectator* had finished its first year, the great general and the able but unscrupulous statesman was deprived of all his offices, and the control of English affairs passed into other hands.

II. SOCIAL CONDITIONS RESULTING FROM POLITICAL EVENTS.

It was not strange that persons living in the latter part of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century failed to detect in these movements going on about them the forces that were making for freedom and civilization. The Revolution of 1688 was the result of currents and counter currents of popular feeling. A great system of constitutional government was being worked out under William and Mary, and their successor, Anne; but in general the process took the form of a scramble for power on the part of politicians, few of whom seemed actuated by noble and disinterested motives.

Strife, animosity, bitter party feeling, — these characterized the period in which the *Spectator* saw the light. Repressive legislation no longer checked free discussion, and free discussion meant active intellectual life, the exercise of the critical faculties, and in many instances, slander and scurrilous abuse. The Tories attacked the Whigs; the adherents of the Established Church, the Dissenters; the moderate Tories, the Nonjurors; and all united against the Catholics.

The Tories believed in the divine right of kings and in the supremacy of the Established Church; the Whigs stood in the main for the rights of the people, and advocated toleration toward Dissenters. The country gentry were, almost to a man, Tories; the city men, — merchants, tradesmen, and professional men, — were Whigs; the great nobles were

divided between the two parties. The clergy of the Established Church belonged as a matter of course to the Tory party, which was often called the Church party, while the Dissenters and their ministers were Whigs. The Church of England man had not yet forgotten the hateful years of Puritan supremacy, and the Dissenter recalled with bitterness the acts of retaliation and the return to license that characterized the reigns of the later Stuarts. Nothing but the sense of a common peril could overcome these long-cherished animosities; and as Anne's reign was drawing to a close, all who believed in government by constitutional methods saw danger in the fact that a Stuart might again rule over England — for the legitimate heir to the throne was James Stuart, the son of James II.

Religious and political divisions meant, of course, social divisions; and it is necessary to lay particular stress upon this state of affairs, because the important work accomplished by the writers of the *Spectator* was owing in great part to these peculiar conditions.

III. THE WRITERS OF THE SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY PAPERS.

Nothing better illustrates the life of the literary men of Queen Anne's reign than a brief sketch of the writers of the *Sir Roger de Coverley Papers:* Joseph Addison, Richard Steele, and Eustace Budgell.[1]

Addison.

Few English writers have been so fortunate in their natural gifts and in the circumstances and events of their lives as Joseph Addison. He was born in his father's rectory at

[1] Tickell has not been included, since his paper relating to Sir Roger (No. 410) has been necessarily omitted.

Milston, near Amesbury, Wilts, on the first day of May, 1672. Steele, who as a schoolmate of Addison's was a welcome guest in the quiet home, says of the rector (then Dean of Lichfield): "His method was to make it the only pretension in his children to his favor, to be kind to each other. It was an unspeakable pleasure to visit or sit at a meal in that family." The two boys first met at the Charterhouse School in London, and there began the friendship that was to lead in later years to such important results.

At the age of fifteen Addison entered Oxford, where, beside his degree, he gained a probationary fellowship, and afterwards a fellowship. His Latin poems and his knowledge of Latin literature gave him a reputation for classical learning that extended to the literary circles of London, and brought him into connection with Dryden, an old man, but still the acknowledged leader of the literary set.

While connected with the university he attracted the attention of certain political leaders. A poetical address entitled *A Poem to His Majesty*, composed in 1695, and a Latin poem on the Peace of Ryswick, written two years later, gave evidence that the author might be useful to the party then in power — the Whigs. In order that he might fit himself for diplomatic employments by foreign travel, Charles Montague — afterwards Earl of Halifax — obtained for him, through Somers, the Lord-keeper, a pension of £300 a year; and in 1699 he left England, not to return until 1703. Steele affirms that his friend, when a young man, had some idea of entering the Church, and that his change of purpose was due to the influence of Montague.

Addison, on account of his keen powers of observation and his genuine interest in human nature, was well fitted to benefit by foreign travel. During his stay on the continent he visited most of the countries of Western Europe, an intelligent observer of social and political institutions and a

devoted student of literature. His intellect was quickened by intercourse with able and cultivated men, among whom may probably be included the famous French writers, Malebranche and Boileau.

Unfortunately the Whigs were out of office when he returned to England, and for a year he was given no position. However, his personal charm and his literary abilities were constantly gaining him new friends, and it was at this time that he became a member of the famous Kit-Cat Club, to which all the great Whigs belonged. Steele was also a member of the club, and his intimacy with his former companion was now renewed.

Addison's active political life began in 1706, when, as a reward for his poem, *The Campaign*, written to celebrate the battle of Blenheim, he was made an undersecretary of state. When he entered upon his new duties he was thirty-four years old, and from this time until a few weeks before his death, he was an influence for good in the affairs of the nation.

On losing his first position he was appointed, in 1708, secretary to Wharton, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and was also made keeper of the records in Birmingham Tower, Dublin. In the meantime he had accompanied Halifax on a complimentary mission, to invest the Elector of Hanover with the order of the Garter. At the age of thirty-six he entered Parliament, and remained a member during the rest of his life, though on account of diffidence he made no speeches. Swift remarked, when speaking of his reëlection in 1710, — "If he had a mind to be chosen king, he would hardly be refused."

With the fall of the Whigs in 1710, Addison lost his secretaryship. In a letter to a friend, written in 1711, he said that within twelve months he had lost a place of £2000 a year and an estate in the Indies of £14,000. The accession of George I., which restored the Whigs to power, brought

him again into political life. Several positions of trust were given him; and finally, in 1717, — a year after his marriage with the Countess of Warwick, — he was made one of the secretaries of state. In eleven months he retired on account of ill health, with a pension of £1500 a year.

Although hampered by physical weakness he still kept up his interest in political affairs, and in 1719 he entered actively into the controversy over the Peerage Bill. His strong feeling in regard to the bill resulted in a circumstance that must always cause pain to the readers of the *Spectator*, namely, his estrangement from his old friend Steele. The latter from conscientious motives voted, in opposition to his party, against a bill which, historians now believe, would have been most pernicious in its effects. Addison died so soon after the controversy that there was no opportunity for a reconciliation.

As we look through the volumes containing the works of Addison, we realize that his interest did not lie wholly in state matters. Two years after his return from the continent, he published his *Remarks on Several Parts of Italy*, and the following year, in 1705, his opera, *Rosamond*, was brought out. This, by the way, was an unsuccessful venture. When Steele began his *Tatler*, in 1709, Addison became a frequent contributor, and his work in the *Spectator*, which followed in 1711, was of still greater importance. His fame as a writer rests chiefly upon the essays in these two periodicals. He contributed articles to the *Guardian*, the successor of the *Spectator*, and in June, 1714, he began without Steele a new series of the *Spectator*, which was published three times a week until December. His three periodicals — the *Whig Examiner*, the *Freeholder*, and the *Old Whig* — were political papers.

Great contemporary fame came to Addison from his play of *Cato*, acted at Drury Lane in April, 1713. This drama,

which was written according to French canons, contained such fine phrases about liberty that it was claimed by both Whigs and Tories. Pope wrote an eloquent prologue, and Swift, after a long period of estrangement, attended a rehearsal. A comedy, *The Drummer*, acted in 1715, was unsuccessful. This work marks the close of Addison's purely literary activity, his later writings being political in character.

After his retirement from office in 1718, his health continued to fail, and he died on the 17th of June, 1719. The same spirit that had made him so attractive while he was in the full enjoyment of his powers characterized him to the very end. Even when he was on his deathbed, his chief concern was for others rather than for himself. Believing that he had once, in connection with some almost forgotten matter, injured Gay, he sent for him and begged his forgiveness; and calling for his stepson Warwick just before his end, he said, — "See in what peace a Christian can die."

Steele.

Richard Steele — properly Sir Richard Steele — has been better loved and oftener misrepresented than almost any other English writer. The temptation to paint him as the exact opposite of Addison, has in most cases proved too strong to enable his biographers to deal fairly with his character. Thackeray's fascinating account in his *English Humourists*, the most popular sketch of Steele, while correct in certain details, is on the whole misleading. One who desires to form a just estimate of this interesting man should read Mr. Aitken's careful biography or the short but sympathetic "life" by Mr. Austin Dobson.

Steele was born in Dublin in March, 1672. He was, consequently, something less than two months older than Addison. Of his family little is known. Unfortunately

he lost both parents at an early age: his father, who was a solicitor, died when he was about five years old, and his mother not long after. In later years he speaks of his mother as "a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit." In his uncle, Henry Gascoigne, secretary to the Duke of Ormond, the boy found a kind guardian. At the age of twelve he was sent to the Charterhouse School in London; and two years later, on Addison's arrival, the friendship between the two boys began.

Steele entered Oxford when seventeen, but did not finish his course there. Mr. Aitken remarks: "Steele left Oxford without taking a degree, which was not at all unusual at the time, but we are told that he took with him the love of the whole society."

Having a desire to try the life of a soldier, he enlisted in 1694 as a private in the Duke of Ormond's regiment of Guards, and remained in the army for twelve years. In 1700 he became Captain Steele.

His military duties do not seem to have interfered with his development as a writer; for his first promotion was due to a patriotic poem, *The Procession*, composed just after the death of Queen Mary, in 1695, and dedicated to Lord Cutts. He was rewarded by an ensign's commission in that lord's regiment, and soon after became his secretary. His *Christian Hero*, a little book published in 1701, was designed, he afterwards informs his readers, to "fix upon his own mind a strong impression of virtue and religion in opposition to a stronger propensity towards unwarrantable pleasures." Mr. Aitken justly remarks: "We must remember that the standard of morality was low even among those who considered themselves on a higher moral level than Steele, and that his ideal was far above that of most of his contemporaries." Finding that his friends failed to understand his attitude in the *Christian Hero*, and that they were inclined to accuse him of

posing as a moralist, he produced not long after a comedy, *The Funeral*, which was intended to "enliven his character." His third play, *The Tender Husband*, acted after Addison's return from the continent, was dedicated to his friend, who, besides writing the prologue, contributed "many applauded strokes." The author says: "My purpose in this application is only to show the esteem I have for you, and that I look upon my intimacy with you as one of the most valuable enjoyments of my life."

Immediately after the production of his play Steele married, but his wife died in a little over a year. In 1707 he married as a second wife a Welsh lady, Mary Scurlock, the "Dear Prue" to whom he wrote so many interesting notes and letters. Before his second marriage he left the army, and the following year, in 1707, he was made Gazetteer, at a salary of £300 a year (less a tax of £45). As the *Gazette* was the official organ of the government, the position — which he held for several years — must have required tact and judgment.

The fact that Steele was a sincere patriot rather than a successful politician is illustrated by his experience as a member of Parliament. He gave up several lucrative positions in order to become a member, but was expelled from the House of Commons — a Tory house — before the end of his first year. The publication of his *Crisis*, and a bitter attack by Swift, were the causes that led to this result. When the Whigs came into power on the accession of George I., he again entered Parliament, and the following year he was knighted. His manly stand in the controversy over the Peerage Bill in 1719 resulted in the loss of the patent which constituted him manager of Drury Lane Theatre. This circumstance marks the close of his political career.

It is chiefly because of the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* that Steele occupies an important place in English literature.

After the *Spectator* was discontinued he published the *Guardian*, which was followed by the *Englishman*, a political paper. Later still came two short-lived periodicals, — the *Lover* and the *Reader*, — and a compilation entitled *The Ladies Library*. The best of his political pamphlets was his *Apology for Himself and His Writings*. *The Conscious Lovers*, his most successful play, was produced in 1722; this was his latest literary effort.

Steele had always found it difficult to meet his expenses, and his closing years, which were spent in Carmarthenshire, Wales, were troubled by money difficulties and ill health. Before the end, however, his debts had all been paid.

His biographer says: "The last glimpse we have of him comes from the actor Benjamin Victor, who had sought from him an introduction to Walpole: 'I was told he retained his cheerful sweetness of temper to the last, and would often be carried out on a summer's evening, when the country lads and lasses were assembled at their rural sports, and with his pencil, give an order on his agent, the mercer, for a new gown to the best dancer.'" He died in September, 1729.

Budgell.

Of Eustace Budgell little need be said, since his work is of small importance. Through the influence of Addison, who was his cousin, he obtained several positions of trust; but in later years his character deteriorated, and finally, in 1737, he drowned himself in the Thames. As a writer he was an imitator of Addison, and besides other works, he wrote a number of papers for the *Spectator*.

IV. JOURNALISM AND PARTY LITERATURE.

The facts just stated make us realize that the life of the literary man of the so-called "Augustan Age" in England was a life of political and social importance. Almost every writer of note — for Pope must be excepted — was at some time during his career the mouthpiece of a party. Swift, the most truly original genius of them all, was always a stanch defender of the national church and, except during the first few years of his public life, a zealous Tory. Defoe, now known chiefly as the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, was an indefatigable pamphleteer and journalist, on the side of the Liberals. The age of Queen Anne was preëminently an age of party literature: besides party pamphlets and newspapers there were party poems, party sermons, party plays; and in the case of Addison's *Cato*, a play claimed by both Whigs and Tories at once.

This literary activity could not have existed had it not been for the recently acquired liberty of the press. In 1695 Parliament failed to appoint the usual licenser, without whose leave no book or newspaper might be published. Before this, the discussion of public matters had been left for the most part to those who were sufficiently daring or sufficiently unprincipled to disregard the law. Since the press was no longer fettered, the best intellects were free to express themselves on all matters of general interest, and party leaders eagerly sought the services of writers who could gain the ear of the people. The writer on political subjects had at that time an unusual advantage over the orator, when it came to influencing public opinion, because speeches made in Parliament were not, as now, printed and circulated.

V. THE TATLER AND SPECTATOR AND THEIR PREDECESSORS.

There were so many newspapers and pamphlets published during the early years of Queen Anne's reign, that one might suppose the literary needs of the community to have been sufficiently provided for. These, however, were in almost every instance written for a special class of persons, and owed their success to the fact that they appealed to the religious or political prejudices of their subscribers. The *Tatler* and the *Spectator*, on the other hand, were distinctively literary periodicals; the *Tatler* rarely discussed political questions, the *Spectator* ignored them completely. Before these productions appeared, there were a few publications that provided matters of social and literary interest, and these may be regarded as in a certain sense their predecessors. One of these was John Dunton's *Athenian Mercury*, begun in 1690, which contained questions to the editor on a great variety of subjects, and furnished appropriate answers; but if any paper might be called the true predecessor of Steele's *Tatler*, it was Defoe's *Weekly Review of the Affairs of France*, the first number of which was given to the public in February, 1704. This paper had a department called, at one time, *Advice from the Scandalous Club*. Speaking of this department, Defoe remarked, in 1710: "When first this paper appeared in the world, I erected a court of justice for the censuring and exposing of vice; . . . but tired with the mass of filth, the stench of which was hardly to be endured, I laid aside the Herculean labors for a while, and am glad to see the society honored by the succession in those just endeavors of the venerable Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq."

When Defoe made these remarks, the *Tatler*, which was published three times a week, had been running nearly a

year. The name, Isaac Bickerstaff, which Steele assumed when he began his periodical, had been already made famous by Swift, who used it in a pamphlet in which he made a humorous attack upon John Partridge, the compiler of an astrological almanac. According to Steele, his paper was intended to "gratify the curiosity of persons of all conditions and of each sex"; and the general purpose of the writers was "to expose the false arts of life, to pull off the disguises of cunning, vanity, and affectation, and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourse, and our behavior." The *Tatler* reached 271 numbers. Of these Steele wrote about 188, Addison 42, and 36 were the result of their joint labors. It was probably discontinued because certain articles dealing with political questions had given offence to persons of influence.

The last number of the *Tatler* was published January 2, 1711, and the first number of the *Spectator* came out on the first day of March, in the same year. This paper, which was given to the public every day except Sunday, consisted of a single sheet, and contained one essay and a number of advertisements. If the essay were unusually brief, letters from real or supposed correspondents, or answers to such communications, were inserted. The original series ended with No. 555, published December 6, 1712. The continuation by Addison, which was published in 1714, is included in complete editions of the *Spectator*. Of the 555 numbers of the original periodical, Addison wrote 274, Steele 236, and the remaining 45 were contributed by different persons, Budgell being one. In the tenth number Addison remarked that the sale had reached 3000 copies a day; and doubtless the sale increased until August, 1712, when a tax of a half-penny reduced the number to something over 1600 copies a day. Addison estimated that, on an average, each copy was read by twenty persons. These facts are important

because they help us to understand why it was that this publication had such an important influence in moulding public opinion.

VI. THE PUBLIC TO WHICH THE SPECTATOR APPEALED.

The success of the *Spectator*, and of the *Tatler* as well, was due in large measure to the fact that its projectors suspected the existence of a hitherto undiscovered public; in fact, it may be said that they created their own public. In an age of bitter social prejudices they had the wisdom to discern the fact that in every class there were moderate, fair-minded persons, who would be interested in social and literary questions, and who would welcome any well-directed effort toward improving the morals of the community. They realized, too, that in every class there were those who needed entertainment, and who could be entertained only by what was morally pure. Above all, they conceived the idea of a public composed largely of women.

It is interesting to picture the different readers of the *Spectator*. We see the paper in the hands of men of fashion as they stroll about the narrow, dirty streets of London, in their powdered wigs and their velvet knee breeches; we find it in the coffee-houses, where knots of eager politicians discuss the newest move of the party in power; fine ladies — Queen Anne at their head — order it brought with their tea at breakfast; the merchant reads it after the hours of business; and even the country squire, who hunts often and reads seldom, welcomes the little sheet.

As the fashionable man reads he finds that men who are familiar with life in its various aspects, men who have plenty of worldly wisdom, condemn his vicious habits; and for the first time, very likely, he listens respectfully while his beset-

ting sins — gaming, brutal pastimes, immorality of all kinds — are severely censured. He listens because the moralist is both witty and wise; and after a while he begins to suspect that a man may lead a pure life without being a stiff-necked Puritan; that he may be a gentleman and still control his appetites.

The Dissenter, as he reads, sees that men who insist upon the highest moral standards at the same time favor innocent amusements. His own narrow views are lightly but kindly ridiculed, and persons that he has always condemned as frivolous and sinful are painted in such a way that he is forced to admire them. Indeed, it may safely be asserted that many a rigid Dissenter sincerely mourned when he read of the death of Sir Roger de Coverley.

It is difficult for us who live in these days of railways and telegraphs to picture to ourselves the isolated life of the women of the eighteenth century. Those living even a short distance out of London found it impossible to get about except when the roads — which were always bad — were in their best condition; and when they did venture out, they must, if they were women of position, be accompanied by a train of servants. The wives and daughters of country gentlemen had not learned to find enjoyment in reading, for there were few books that a refined woman could read with pleasure. She must choose between coarse novels or plays and ponderous works on moral and religious subjects.

We can picture a group of these country ladies, listening as they sew, while one of their number reads aloud from the *Spectator*. For the first time they are brought into contact with the busy life and the intellectual activity of the metropolis. It is because of these little groups of women, John Richard Green affirms, that "we find ourselves in presence of a new literature, of a literature more really popular than England had ever seen, a literature not only of the street,

the pulpit, the tavern, and the stage, but which had penetrated within the very precincts of the home."

VII. ADDISON AND STEELE AS WRITERS OF THE SPECTATOR.

Addison's work in the *De Coverley Papers* is, for the most part, so much better than Steele's that in reading these essays we are likely to underestimate the importance of Steele as a writer. Indeed, Addison's strokes are so fine that we almost regret the coarser touch of the other artists. Nevertheless, it should always be remembered that Steele was the originator of both the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*, and that had it not been for his enterprising spirit and his generous nature, we might not have had a Sir Roger de Coverley.

In the preface to the collected edition of the *Tatler*, speaking of Addison and himself, Steele says: "I fared like a distressed prince, who calls in a powerful neighbor to his aid; I was undone by my auxiliary; when I had called him in I could not subsist without dependence on him." In No. 532 of the *Spectator* he remarks: "I claim to myself the merit of having extorted excellent production from a person of the greatest abilities, who would not have let them appear by any other means." Whatever else may be said of the two versatile writers, Addison and Steele, it is undoubtedly true that, as essayists, their success was owing in great part to the fact that they worked together, and that each supplemented the other.

VIII. CHARACTERISTICS OF QUEEN ANNE LITERATURE.

The age of Queen Anne has often been called an age of prose. Tired of the vagaries indulged in by the successors of the Elizabethans, the public demanded works character-

ized by common sense and practical utility, and delighted in a literary form that combined clearness and elegance. The higher efforts of imaginative genius were lost upon them: they could not feel the beauties of Shakespeare and Milton. Keen satire, delicate fancy, delightful humor, skill in narration, — these we find in the best writers of the age; but it is safe to say that not one of them — Swift, Pope, Defoe, Berkeley, Addison, or Steele — has left a line that is inspired by a highly poetic imagination. This was a period when men looked about them and wrote of life as it appeared on the surface — of political life, of club life, of the life of men and women in society. A Lear, an Othello, would have been out of place in this era of common sense; instead of great characters moved by strong passions, we have Robinson Crusoe, Gulliver, Sir Roger de Coverley — persons that live in an everyday world and meet us on our own level. Human nature had not changed, life had not become superficial and prosaic, but the taste of the age demanded that passion and romance should be ignored.

IX. LITERARY QUALITIES OF THE SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY PAPERS.

We find in the *Sir Roger de Coverley Papers* many of the best characteristics of the literature of this "Augustan Age": wit, wisdom, satire, humor, and always — especially in Addison's papers — careful attention to form. Indeed, the style, though it is now a little antiquated, is so good that we hardly think of it. The form suits the thought; it is never obtrusive; the language is the language of conversation raised to the level of art. This is why Dr. Johnson said that he who would form a good style should give his days and his nights to the study of Addison. What delights us most of all in these papers, however, is the kindly humor that

plays over every page; a humor so subtle, so all-pervasive, that some may fail to detect it. It is this that makes us care for the old knight; that arouses our sympathy for Will Wimble, even while we laugh at him: it is this, above all, that attracts us to the writers of these papers; for it makes us realize that while they felt keenly the moral evils of their time, they could still love and pity their fellow men.

X. THE SPECTATOR IN ITS RELATION TO ENGLISH LIFE AND ENGLISH LITERATURE.

As we review the conditions under which the *Spectator* was produced and become aware of the influence that it exerted, we see that it should not be judged as a purely literary work; and what is true of the periodical as a whole, is true, though in a less degree, of the papers relating to Sir Roger de Coverley. The writers of these essays had a practical end in view. Their aim is well expressed by Addison, when he says: "It was said of Socrates that he brought philosophy down from heaven to inhabit among men; and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me that I have brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea tables and in coffee-houses." While accomplishing this object, the writers of the *Spectator* introduced a style of literature that has been widely imitated, in other countries as well as in their own, and that has not yet lost popular favor. They first taught the English public to look upon reading as a daily enjoyment, not as a rare exercise; and although their treatment of many subjects was necessarily superficial, they enlarged the horizon and stimulated the curiosity of thousands of persons living in all parts of England, and thus softened the prejudices and raised the moral and intellectual standards of the community as a whole.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

ADDISON.	STEELE.	LITERATURE.	HISTORY.
1672. Addison born May 1st.	1672. Steele born in Dublin in March (probably the 12th).		1672. The Dutch War (1672–1678). France and England declare war against Holland. Louis XIV. invades Holland. The Dutch confer the supreme power on William of Orange.
		1673. Boileau: *L'Art Poëtique.* Molière: *La Malade Imaginaire.*	1673. Passage of the Test Act, which excludes Papists and Non-Conformists from all offices under government.
		1674. Racine: *Iphigénie.* Death of Milton.	
	1677. About this time Steele's parents die, and his uncle, Henry Gascoigne, becomes his guardian.		1677. Marriage of William of Orange with Mary, daughter of the Duke of York (James II.).
		1678. Bunyan: *Pilgrim's Progress* (Part I.). Butler: *Hudibras* (Part III.)	1678. Popish Plot. Peace of Nimeguen.
		1679. Bossuet: *Discours sur l'Histoire Universelle.*	
		1680. Otway: *The Orphan.*	
		1681. Dryden: *Absalom and Achitophel.* Death of Calderon.	
		1682. Dryden: *Mac Flecknoe. Religio Laici.* Bunyan: *Holy War.*	1682. William Penn founds the colony of Pennsylvania.
1683. Addison sent to a school in Lichfield, his father having been made Dean of Lichfield.		1683. Defoe: *Presbytery Roughdrawn.*	1683. Sobieski repels the Turks at Vienna. Rye-House Plot.

	1684. Admitted to the Charterhouse School, London, through the influence of the Duke of Ormond.	1684. Bunyan: *Pilgrim's Progress* (Part II.).	
			1685. James II. succeeds to the throne of England. Monmouth's rebellion. Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.
1686. Enters Charterhouse School as a private pupil.			
1687. Enters Queen's College, Oxford.		1687. Publication of Newton's *Principia*, enunciating the law of gravitation. Dryden: *The Hind and the Panther*.	1687. First Russo-Turkish war.
		1688. Birth of Alexander Pope.	1688. Trial of the Seven Bishops. Revolution in England. William of Orange lands with an army. Exodus of Huguenots from France.
1689. Obtains a demyship at Magdalen, Oxford.	1689. Enters Christ's College, Oxford.	1689. Locke: *Treatise of Civil Government*. Racine: *Esther*.	1689. Parliament passes the Bill of Rights. William and Mary proclaimed King and Queen of England. Grand Alliance against Louis XIV. Peter the Great, Czar of Russia.
		1690. Locke: *Essay on the Human Understanding*. Dunton's *Athenian Mercury*. Dryden: *Don Sebastian*.	1690. Battle of the Boyne: defeat of James II. by William III.
	1691. Made a postmaster of Merton College, Oxford.	1691. Racine: *Athalie*.	
		1692. Sir William Temple: *Essays*.	1692. English and Dutch destroy French fleet at La Hogue, May 19th. Battle of Steinkirk.

ADDISON.	STEELE.	LITERATURE.	HISTORY.
			1692. Massacre of Glencoe.
1693. Takes his M. A. degree.			
1694. Attracts notice by his *Account of the Greatest English Poets.*	1694. Enlists as a private soldier in the Duke of Ormond's regiment of Guards.	1694. Birth of Voltaire. Dictionary of the French Academy.	1694. Bank of England established. Death of Queen Mary.
1695. A *Poem to His Majesty* dedicated to Lord Somers.	1695. *The Procession*, published just after the death of Queen Mary. Becomes ensign in Lord Cutts's regiment, and soon after is made secretary to Lord Cutts.	1695. Death of La Fontaine.	1695. Censorship of press ceases in England.
			1696. Peter the Great takes Azov from the Turks.
1697. Gains a probationary fellowship. A Latin Poem on the Peace of Ryswick, dedicated to Montague.			1697. France makes peace at Ryswick with Holland, Spain, and England, and a few weeks later with Germany.
1698. Gains a fellowship, which he holds until 1711.		1698. Collier: *Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage.* Algernon Sidney: *Discourse on Government.*	1698. Peter the Great in England. Treaty between William III. and Louis XIV. for the partition of Spain on the death of Charles II.
1699. Leaves England to travel on the Continent, having obtained through Montague a pension of £300 a year. After a short stay in Paris, settles at Blois and pursues the study of French.			
1700. Returns to Paris, where he meets Malebranche and Boileau. Leaves France for Italy.	1700. Steele a captain in the army, and on friendly terms with the wits who frequent Will's Coffee-House.	1700. Death of Dryden. Fénelon: *Télémaque.*	1700. Second Partition Treaty ratified.
1701. At Geneva.	1701. Publication of *The Christian Hero.*	1701. Defoe's pamphlet, *The True-Born Englishman.*	1701. Passage of Act of Settlement in England.

	Mode, acted at Drury Lane.		son, James Edward, recognized as his successor by Louis XIV. Grand Alliance practically concluded.
	1702. Becomes captain in the regiment of foot raised by Lord Lucas.	1702. *The Daily Courant*, the first daily newspaper. Defoe: *The Shortest-Way with the Dissenters.*	1702. War of the Spanish Succession (1702–1713). Death of William III. and accession of Anne, daughter of James II. Supremacy of Marlborough.
1703. After visiting Holland, returns to England, called home by the death of his father.	1703. *The Lying Lover* acted in December.		1703. Founding of St. Petersburg by Peter the Great.
1704. About this time becomes a member of the Kit-Cat Club. *The Campaign*, a poem on the Battle of Blenheim. Made Commissioner of Appeals in the Excise.	1704. Steele and Addison together in London.	1704. Swift: *Tale of a Tub.* *Battle of the Books.* Defoe's *Review* (continued until 1713). Clarendon: *History of the Great Rebellion* (last part in 1707).	1704. Battle of Blenheim. Sir G. Rooke takes Gibraltar.
1705. *Remarks on several Parts of Italy.* *The Drummer* perhaps written at this time.	1705. *The Tender Husband* acted April 23d. Marries a widow, Margaret Stretch, who dies in a little over a year.		
1706. Production of the opera, *Rosamond.* Given an under-secretaryship in the office of Sir Charles Hedges.	1706. Made a gentleman-waiter to Prince George of Denmark at a salary of £100 a year.		1706. Victory of Marlborough at Ramillies.
1707. Accompanies Halifax on a complimentary mission, to invest the Elector of Hanover with the order of the Garter.	1707. Appointed Gazetteer at a salary of £300, less a tax of £45. Marriage with Mary Scurlock	1707. Le Sage: *Le Diable Boiteux.* The *British Apollo.*	1707. Legislative Union of England and Scotland.
1708. Enters Parliament. Appointed secretary to Lord Wharton, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; also made keeper for life of the records in Birmingham Tower, Dublin.		1708. Swift: *Argument against abolishing Christianity.* *Predictions of Isaac Bickerstaff* and *Account of Partridge's Death*	

ADDISON.	STEELE.	LITERATURE.	HISTORY.
1709. Writes for Steele's *Tatler*.	1709. First number of the *Tatler* issued April 12th.	1709. Pope: *Pastorals.* Translation of parts of Books XII. and XVI. of the *Iliad.*	1709. Battle of Malplaquet.
1710. Defends the Whig ministry in the *Whig Examiner*. With the fall of the Whigs loses his office.	1710. Made one of the commissioners of the Stamp Office. Loses his position as Gazetteer. The *Tatler* discontinued in December.	1710. Swift begins his *Journal to Stella*. Writes for the *Examiner*, a Tory paper. Berkeley: *Principles of Human Knowledge.* Leibnitz: *Theodicée.*	1710. Trial of Dr. Sacheverell. Fall of the Whig ministry, and formation of a Tory ministry under Harley and Bolingbroke.
1711. Resigns his fellowship. Writes for the *Spectator*.	1711. March 1st, the *Spectator* begun.	1711. Pope: *Essay on Criticism.* Gay's pamphlet, *The Present State of Wit* (containing interesting remarks in regard to the *Tatler*). Swift: *Conduct of the Allies.*	1711. Marlborough removed from his command.
	1712. Financial difficulties. Last number of the *Spectator* published Dec. 6th.	1712. Pope: *The Messiah. The Rape of the Lock.* Ambrose Philips: *The Distressed Mother* (acted in 1711). Blackmore: *Creation.*	
1713. *Cato* acted April 14th. Writes for Steele's *Guardian*.	1713. First number of the *Guardian* published March 12th. Elected member of Parliament. Pamphlet: *The Importance of Dunkirk Considered.* The *Guardian* succeeded by the *Englishman.* Steele attacked by Swift in his pamphlet: *The Independence of the Guardian Considered.*	1713. Pope: *Windsor Forest.*	1713. Treaty of Utrecht terminates the War of the Spanish Succession. Frederick William I. succeeds to the throne of Prussia.

1714. Appointed Secretary to the Lords Justices.
Chief Secretary to Lord Sunderland, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.
Issues a new series of the *Spectator*.

1714. The *Crisis*, a party pamphlet published by Steele.
His expulsion from the House of Commons.
Publication of the *Lover* and the *Reader*.
On the accession of George I., Steele is made supervisor of the Theatre and given several other appointments.
His most important political pamphlet: *Mr Steele's Apology for Himself and his Writings*.
The *Ladies' Library*, a compilation.

1714. Death of Queen Anne and accession of George I., Elector of Hanover.
The Whigs in office.

1715. The *Freeholder*, written on behalf of the Hanoverian dynasty.

1715. Receives a patent appointing him manager of Drury Lane Theatre.
Again elected to Parliament.
Knighted in April. New series of the *Englishman*.
Publication of *Town Talk*.

1715. Pope: *Temple of Fame*.
Translation of the Iliad: Vol. I. (containing Books I.-IV.).
Le Sage: *Gil Blas* (Parts I.-III.).

1715. Rebellion of the First Pretender.
Louis XV. succeeds to the throne of France.

1716. The *Drummer* acted March 1th.
Married to Charlotte, Dowager Countess of Warwick, August 3d.

1716. Commissioner of forfeited estates in Scotland.

1716. Birth of Thomas Gray.

1717. Becomes one of the secretaries of State.

1717. Pope: *Eloisa to Abelard*.
Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady.

1717. Triple Alliance between France, Great Britain, and Holland.

1718. Retires in March, on account of ill health, with a pension of £1500 a year.

1718. Death of Lady Steele.

1718. Quadruple Alliance of Great Britain, France, Austria, and Holland against Spain.

1719. Addison replies in his *Old Whig* to Steele's remarks on the Peerage Bill in the *Plebeian*.
The friends estranged.

1719. Controversy over the Peerage Bill.
Steele's *Plebeian*.

1719. Defoe: *Robinson Crusoe* (Part I.).
Tickell: *Elegy on Addison*.

Addison.	Steele.	Literature.	History.
1719. Death of Addison, June 17th.	1720. Loses the patent constituting him manager of Drury Lane Theatre. His periodical the *Theatre* tells of his grievances.	1720. Defoe: *Robinson Crusoe* (Parts II. and III.). *Captain Singleton.* Pope: *Translation of the Iliad* (last volume).	1720. Bursting of the South Sea Bubble.
1721. An edition of Addison's *Works* in four volumes, printed for Jacob Tonson.		1721. Montesquieu: *Lettres Persanes.*	
	1722. The *Conscious Lovers* acted at Drury Lane.	1722. Defoe: *Moll Flanders. Journal of the Plague Year.*	
	1723. Failing health and financial difficulties.	1723. Pope: *Translation of the Odyssey* (Vols. I. and II. Publication completed in 1725).	
		1724. Swift: *Drapier Letters.* Burnet: *History of my own Time* (Vol. I.).	
			1725. Peter the Great dies, and his wife succeeds to the throne as Catharine I.
	1726. Steele at Carmarthen in Wales.	1726. Swift: *Gulliver's Travels.* Thomson: *Winter.*	
		1727. Gay: *Fables.* Thomson: *Summer.*	1727. War between England and Spain. George II. succeeds his father.
		1728. Pope: *The Dunciad.* Gay: *Beggars' Opera.* Thomson: *Spring.* Goldsmith born.	
	1729. Steele dies September 1st.		1729. Peace of Seville.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDENTS.

THERE are so many valuable and interesting works dealing with the reign of Queen Anne in its various aspects that it is difficult to make a wise selection. It is hoped that the following list may meet the requirements of the student.

HISTORICAL READING.

The student who would thoroughly enjoy the *Sir Roger de Coverley Papers* should possess an accurate knowledge of the history of England from 1660 to 1720, and a general knowledge of what was taking place on the Continent during the same period. John Richard Green's *History of the English People* (1879) is a valuable work for the student of English literature. Should his account of the period mentioned be too long, the student would do well, after consulting some shorter work (the *Short History* by the same author is one of the best), to read the following in Green: Book VIII. chap. I. from the beginning to the paragraph on "Charles the Second"; and Book VIII. chap. IV. from the paragraph on "England's Intellectual Influence" through the paragraph on "Public Opinion." J. H. Burton's *History of the Reign of Queen Anne* (1880) is the best history of the period treated; chaps. II., XVIII., and XX. are of special interest. A short account of Queen Anne's reign may be found in *The Age of Anne*, by E. E. Morris, — *Epochs of Modern History* (1877); for matters of general interest, see chaps. XXI. and XXII. There is much of value in the third chapter of Lord Macaulay's *History of England* (1849–1855). *A History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, by W. E. H. Lecky (1878), is an important work; chaps. I., II., and IV. should be read without fail.

WORKS ON LITERATURE.

The best short account of English literature as a whole is given by Stopford Brooke, in his *English Literature* (new Ed. 1897). The literature of Queen Anne's reign is dealt with in chap. VI. The most

satisfactory works for one who desires a more intimate knowledge of the subject are by Edmund Gosse: *A History of Eighteenth Century Literature, 1660–1780* (1889); and *From Shakespeare to Pope* (1885). *English Literature in the Eighteenth Century*, by T. S. Perry (1883), and H. Hettner's *Geschichte der Englischen Literatur, 1660–1770* (1881), may also be recommended. *Le Public et les Hommes de Lettres en Angleterre au XVIII^e Siècle*, by A. Beljame (1881), is a work of peculiar interest, and the bibliography at the back is useful. Taine, in his *History of English Literature* (1863), presents, as he always does, an extreme view; but Alfred J. F. Mézières speaks justly of Addison and the *Spectator* in his *Hors de France: L'Angleterre.*

SOCIAL LIFE AND KINDRED TOPICS.

John Ashton's *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne* (1882) is valuable and interesting. *Good Queen Anne*, by W. H. D. Adams (1886), and *England and the English in the Eighteenth Century*, by W. C. Sydney (1891), may also be recommended. There is much information in the *Popular History of England*, by Charles Knight (1859), vol. v. chaps. XXVI.–XXX.; and many details of interest are mentioned in H. D. Traill's *Social England* (1895), vol. iv. pp. 592–608. The best book of all for the reader who would live for a while with the noted men of Queen Anne's reign is the *Journal to Stella*, by Jonathan Swift: edited by Temple Scott, — *Bohn's Standard Library* (1897). There are certain articles relating to the age of Queen Anne in Austin Dobson's *Eighteenth Century Vignettes* (Three Series: 1892–1896). Wheatley and Cunningham's *London Past and Present* (1891) is a valuable reference book; and the fourth volume of Charles Knight's *London* (illustrated) is useful.

ADDISON AND STEELE.

Addison, by W. J. Courthope, — *English Men of Letters Series* (1884), is the best "life" for the average reader. A fuller account may be found in Lucy Aikin's *Life of Joseph Addison* (1846). Macaulay's well-known essay on *The Life and Writings of Addison* has been edited by Herbert A. Smith, — *Standard English Classics* (1898). Johnson's opinion of Addison is given in his *Lives of the Poets*; six of these *Lives* have been edited by Matthew Arnold (1878). John Richard Green's estimate may be found in his edition of *Addison's Essays* (1880); his article is one of the most sympathetic that has been written on Addison

and the *Spectator*. Beljame's essay, in his book mentioned above, is especially valuable. The sketch in Thackeray's *English Humorists*, although exaggerated, is good reading. Short articles on Addison and Steele may be found in the *Dictionary of National Biography* and other books of reference.

George A. Aitken's *Life of Richard Steele* (1889) is a careful and interesting biography, in two volumes. Austin Dobson, in his *Richard Steele*, — *English Worthies Series* (1886), gives a short but sympathetic account of the writer. John Forster writes of Steele in his *Biographical Essays* (1860). Thackeray's article is mentioned in the Introduction in the present volume. The *Selections from Steele*, edited by G. R. Carpenter (*Athenæum Press Series*), is interesting and valuable; it contains a chronological list of Steele's writings. Steele's letters to his wife and daughters were first published, with literary and historical anecdotes, by John Nichols, in 1787; the title being: *The Epistolary Correspondence of Sir Richard Steele, etc.*

ESSAYS BY ADDISON AND BY STEELE.[1]

There are two recent editions of the *Spectator*, both excellent: one edited by G. Gregory Smith, with an Introductory Essay by Austin Dobson (8 vols. 1897-8); the other edited by George A. Aitken (8 vols. 1898). Henry Morley's edition may be had in three volumes (1883) or in one (1888). An edition of the *Tatler* in four volumes, edited by George A. Aitken, is soon to be published. The *Tatler* may be found in Chalmers's *British Essayists* (1856-66); an edition of the *Tatler and Guardian* was published by Nimmo, in 1876; and a volume of *Selected Essays* from the *Tatler*, edited by A. C. Ewald, came out in 1888. The following books may easily be obtained: *Selections from Addison's Essays*, edited by John Richard Green (1880); *Addison: Selected Essays*, edited by C. T. Winchester; *Selections from Steele's Contributions to the Tatler, etc.*, edited by Austin Dobson (1897); *Eighteenth Century Essays*, edited by Austin Dobson (1882), — of special value, because it enables the reader to compare Addison and Steele with other essayists; *Selections from Steele*, edited by G. R. Carpenter, — *Athenæum Press Series* (1897). *Addison*, edited by Barrett Wendell (*Athenæum Press Series*) is announced. There is no complete edition of Steele's works; a new edition of Addison's works edited by Greene, was published in 1891.

[1] The Harvard College Library possesses a copy of the original issue of the *Spectator*, nearly complete.

THE SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY PAPERS.

I. THE SPECTATOR'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

No. 1.] Thursday, March 1, 1711. [ADDISON.

> Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
> Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.
>
> HOR.

I HAVE observed that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this paper and my next as prefatory discourses to my following writings, and shall give some account in them of the several persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digesting, and correcting will fall to my share, I must do myself the justice to open the work with my own history. I was born to a small hereditary estate, which, according to the tradition of the village where it lies, was bounded by the same hedges and ditches in William the Conqueror's time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from father to son whole and entire, without the loss or acquisition of a single field or meadow, during the space of six hundred years. There runs a story in the family, that my mother dreamt that she was brought to bed of a judge :

whether this might proceed from a lawsuit which was then depending in the family, or my father's being a justice of the peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighborhood put upon it. The gravity of my behavior at my very first appearance in the world, and all the time that I sucked, seemed to favor my mother's dream; for, as she had often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my coral till they had taken away the bells from it.

As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find that, during my nonage, I had the reputation of a very sullen youth, but was always a favorite of my schoolmaster, who used to say that my parts were solid and would wear well. I had not been long at the university before I distinguished myself by a most profound silence; for during the space of eight years, excepting in the public exercises of the college, I scarce uttered the quantity of an hundred words; and indeed do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life. Whilst I was in this learned body, I applied myself with so much diligence to my studies that there are very few celebrated books, either in the learned or the modern tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the death of my father, I was resolved to travel into foreign countries, and therefore left the university with the character of an odd, unaccountable fellow, that had a great deal of learning, if I would but show it. An insatiable thirst after knowledge carried me into all the countries of Europe in which there was anything new or strange to be seen; nay, to such a degree was my curiosity raised, that having read the controversies of some

great men concerning the antiquities of Egypt, I made a voyage to Grand Cairo on purpose to take the measure of a pyramid; and as soon as I had set myself right in that particular, returned to my native country with great satisfaction.

I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though there are not above half a dozen of my select friends that know me; of whom my next paper shall give a more particular account. There is no place of general resort wherein I do not often make my appearance; sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a round of politicians at Will's, and listening with great attention to the narratives that are made in those little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke a pipe at Child's, and whilst I seem attentive to nothing but the *Postman*, overhear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on Sunday nights at St. James's Coffee-house, and sometimes join the little committee of politics in the inner room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the Grecian, the Cocoa Tree, and in the theatres both of Drury Lane and the Haymarket. I have been taken for a merchant upon the Exchange for above these ten years, and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stockjobbers at Jonathan's. In short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club.

Thus I live in the world rather as a Spectator of mankind than as one of the species; by which means I have made myself a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant, and artisan, without ever meddling with any practical part in life. I am very well versed in the theory of an husband or a father, and can discern the errors in the economy, business, and diversion of others better than those who

are engaged in them: as standers-by discover blots which are apt to escape those who are in the game. I never espoused any party with violence, and am resolved to observe an exact neutrality between the Whigs and Tories, unless I shall be forced to declare myself by the hostilities of either side. In short, I have acted in all the parts of my life as a looker-on, which is the character I intend to preserve in this paper.

I have given the reader just so much of my history and character as to let him see I am not altogether unqualified for the business I have undertaken. As for other particulars in my life and adventures, I shall insert them in following papers as I shall see occasion. In the mean time, when I consider how much I have seen, read, and heard, I begin to blame my own taciturnity: and since I have neither time nor inclination to communicate the fulness of my heart in speech, I am resolved to do it in writing, and to print myself out, if possible, before I die. I have been often told by my friends that it is pity so many useful discoveries which I have made, should be in the possession of a silent man. For this reason, therefore, I shall publish a sheetful of thoughts every morning for the benefit of my contemporaries; and if I can any way contribute to the diversion or improvement of the country in which I live, I shall leave it, when I am summoned out of it, with the secret satisfaction of thinking that I have not lived in vain.

There are three very material points which I have not spoken to in this paper, and which, for several important reasons, I must keep to myself, at least for some time: I mean, an account of my name, my age, and my lodgings. I must confess, I would gratify my reader in anything that is reasonable; but, as for these three particulars, though I am sensible they might tend very much to the embellish-

ment of my paper, I cannot yet come to a resolution of communicating them to the public. They would indeed draw me out of that obscurity which I have enjoyed for many years, and expose me in public places to several salutes and civilities, which have been always very disagreeable to me; for the greatest pain I can suffer is the being talked to and being stared at. It is for this reason, likewise, that I keep my complexion and dress as very great secrets: though it is not impossible but I may make discoveries of both in the progress of the work I have undertaken.

After having been thus particular upon myself, I shall in to-morrow's paper give an account of those gentlemen who are concerned with me in this work; for, as I have before intimated, a plan of it is laid and concerted — as all other matters of importance are — in a club. However, as my friends have engaged me to stand in the front, those who have a mind to correspond with me may direct their letters to the Spectator, at Mr. Buckley's in Little Britain. For I must further acquaint the reader that, though our club meets only on Tuesdays and Thursdays, we have appointed a committee to sit every night, for the inspection of all such papers as may contribute to the advancement of the public weal. C.

II. SIR ROGER AND THE CLUB.

No. 2.] Friday, March 2, 1711. [STEELE.

Ast alii sex
Et plures uno conclamant ore.
Juv.

THE first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great-grandfather was inventor of that

famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behavior, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humor creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho Square. It is said he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse, beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman; had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him "youngster." But being ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humors, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house in both town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behavior that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company. When he comes into a house, he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up-stairs to a visit. I must

not omit that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum; that he fills the chair at a quarter session with great abilities; and, three months ago, gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the Game Act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner Temple; a man of great probity, wit, and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humorsome father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke. The father sends up, every post, questions relating to marriage-articles, leases, and tenures, in the neighborhood; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool, but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable; as few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of the play is his hour of business; exactly at five he passes through New Inn, crosses through Russell Court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins; he has his shoes rubbed and

his periwig powdered at the barber's as you go into the Rose. It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London; a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and — as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting which would make no great figure were he not a rich man — he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms; for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valor, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, amongst which the greatest favorite is, "A penny saved is a penny got." A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural, unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortunes himself, and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room sits Captain Sentry, a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of

them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even, regular behavior are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds who endeavor at the same end with himself, — the favor of a commander. He will, however, in this way of talk, excuse generals for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it. "For," says he, "that great man who has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me as I have to come at him"; therefore he will conclude that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candor does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious from an habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of humorists unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have among us the gallant Will Honeycomb, a gentleman who, according to his years, should be in the decline of his life, but having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but very little impression either by wrinkles on his forehead or traces in his brain. His person is well turned and of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from which of the French king's wenches our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; and whose vanity to show her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge has been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you when the Duke of Monmouth danced at court such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the Park. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance or a blow of a fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord Such-a-one. If you speak of a young commoner that said a lively thing in the House, he starts up: "He has good blood in his veins; that young fellow's mother used me more like a dog than any woman I ever made advances to." This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn; and I find there is not one of the company but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort

of man who is usually called a well-bred, fine gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned he is an honest, worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of as one of our company, for he visits us but seldom; but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to; he is therefore among divines what a chamber-counsellor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind and the integrity of his life create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in years that he observes, when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interests in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions. R.

III. SIR ROGER MORALIZES.

No. 6.] Wednesday, March 7, 1711. [STEELE.

> Credebant hoc grande nefas et morte piandum,
> Si iuvenis vetulo non assurrexerat.
>
> JUV.

I KNOW no evil under the sun so great as the abuse of the understanding, and yet there is no one vice more common. It has diffused itself through both sexes and all qualities of mankind, and there is hardly that person

to be found who is not more concerned for the reputation of wit and sense, than honesty and virtue. But this unhappy affectation of being wise rather than honest, witty than good-natured, is the source of most of the ill habits of life. Such false impressions are owing to the abandoned writings of men of wit, and the awkward imitation of the rest of mankind.

For this reason, Sir Roger was saying last night that he was of opinion that none but men of fine parts deserve to be hanged. The reflections of such men are so delicate upon all occurrences which they are concerned in, that they should be exposed to more than ordinary infamy and punishment for offending against such quick admonitions as their own souls give them, and blunting the fine edge of their minds in such a manner that they are no more shocked at vice and folly than men of slower capacities. There is no greater monster in being, than a very ill man of great parts. He lives like a man in a palsy, with one side of him dead. While perhaps he enjoys the satisfaction of luxury, of wealth, of ambition, he has lost the taste of good-will, of friendship, of innocence. Scarecrow, the beggar in Lincoln's Inn Fields, who disabled himself in his right leg, and asks alms all day to get himself a warm supper at night, is not half so despicable a wretch as such a man of sense. The beggar has no relish above sensations; he finds rest more agreeable than motion, and while he has a warm fire, never reflects that he deserves to be whipped.

"Every man who terminates his satisfaction and enjoyments within the supply of his own necessities and passions, is," says Sir Roger, "in my eye, as poor a rogue as Scarecrow. But," continued he, "for the loss of public and private virtue we are beholden to your men of parts, forsooth; it is with them no matter what is done, so it is

done with an air. But to me, who am so whimsical in a corrupt age as to act according to nature and reason, a selfish man in the most shining circumstance and equipage, appears in the same condition with the fellow above-mentioned, but more contemptible in proportion to what more he robs the public of and enjoys above him. I lay it down therefore for a rule, that the whole man is to move together; that every action of any importance is to have a prospect of public good; and that the general tendency of our indifferent actions ought to be agreeable to the dictates of reason, of religion, of good-breeding. Without this, a man, as I have before hinted, is hopping instead of walking; he is not in his entire and proper motion."

While the honest knight was thus bewildering himself in good starts, I looked intentively upon him, which made him, I thought, collect his mind a little. "What I aim at," says he, "is to represent that I am of opinion, to polish our understandings and neglect our manners is of all things the most inexcusable. Reason should govern passion, but instead of that, you see, it is often subservient to it; and as unaccountable as one would think it, a wise man is not always a good man."

This degeneracy is not only the guilt of particular persons, but also at some times of a whole people; and perhaps it may appear upon examination that the most polite ages are the least virtuous. This may be attributed to the folly of admitting wit and learning as merit in themselves, without considering the application of them. By this means it becomes a rule not so much to regard what we do, as how we do it. But this false beauty will not pass upon men of honest minds and true taste. Sir Richard Blackmore says, with as much good sense as virtue, — "It is a mighty dishonor and shame to employ

excellent faculties and abundance of wit, to humor and please men in their vices and follies. The great enemy of mankind, notwithstanding his wit and angelic faculties, is the most odious being in the whole creation." He goes on soon after to say, very generously, that he undertook the writing of his poem "to rescue the Muses, . . . to restore them to their sweet and chaste mansions, and to engage them in an employment suitable to their dignity." This certainly ought to be the purpose of every man who appears in public; and whoever does not proceed upon that foundation, injures his country as fast as he succeeds in his studies. When modesty ceases to be the chief ornament of one sex and integrity of the other, society is upon a wrong basis, and we shall be ever after without rules to guide our judgment in what is really becoming and ornamental. Nature and reason direct one thing, passion and humor another. To follow the dictates of these two latter, is going into a road that is both endless and intricate; when we pursue the other, our passage is delightful, and what we aim at easily attainable.

I do not doubt but England is at present as polite a nation as any in the world; but any man who thinks, can easily see that the affectation of being gay and in fashion has very near eaten up our good sense and our religion. Is there anything so just, as that mode and gallantry should be built upon exerting ourselves in what is proper and agreeable to the institutions of justice and piety among us? And yet is there anything more common, than that we run in perfect contradiction to them? All which is supported by no other pretension than that it is done with what we call a good grace.

Nothing ought to be held laudable or becoming, but what nature itself should prompt us to think so. Respect to all kind of superiors is founded, methinks, upon instinct;

and yet what is so ridiculous as age? I make this abrupt transition to the mention of this vice more than any other, in order to introduce a little story, which I think a pretty instance that the most polite age is in danger of being the most vicious.

It happened at Athens, during a public representation of some play exhibited in honor of the commonwealth, that an old gentleman came too late for a place suitable to his age and quality. Many of the young gentlemen who observed the difficulty and confusion he was in, made signs to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they sat. The good man bustled through the crowd accordingly; but when he came to the seats to which he was invited, the jest was to sit close and expose him, as he stood out of countenance, to the whole audience. The frolic went round all the Athenian benches. But on those occasions there were also particular places assigned for foreigners. When the good man skulked towards the boxes appointed for the Lacedemonians, that honest people, more virtuous than polite, rose up all, to a man, and with the greatest respect received him among them. The Athenians, being suddenly touched with a sense of the Spartan virtue and their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applause; and the old man cried out, "The Athenians understand what is good, but the Lacedemonians practise it!" R.

IV. A CLUB DEBATE.

No. 34.] Monday, April 9, 1711. [ADDISON.

Parcit
Cognatis maculis similis fera —
Juv.

THE club of which I am a member is very luckily composed of such persons as are engaged in different ways of life, and deputed, as it were, out of the most conspicuous classes of mankind. By this means I am furnished with the greatest variety of hints and materials, and know everything that passes in the different quarters and divisions, not only of this great city, but of the whole kingdom. My readers, too, have the satisfaction to find that there is no rank or degree among them who have not their representative in this club, and that there is always somebody present who will take care of their respective interests, that nothing may be written or published to the prejudice or infringement of their just rights and privileges.

I last night sat very late in company with this select body of friends, who entertained me with several remarks which they and others had made upon these my speculations, as also with the various success which they had met with among their several ranks and degrees of readers. Will Honeycomb told me, in the softest manner he could, that there were some ladies — "but for your comfort," says Will, "they are not those of the most wit" — that were offended at the liberties I had taken with the opera and the puppet-show; that some of them were likewise very much surprised that I should think such serious points as the dress and equipage of persons of quality proper subjects for raillery.

He was going on, when Sir Andrew Freeport took him

up short, and told him that the papers he hinted at had done great good in the city, and that all their wives and daughters were the better for them; and further added, that the whole city thought themselves very much obliged to me for declaring my generous intentions to scourge vice and folly as they appear in a multitude, without condescending to be a publisher of particular intrigues. "In short," says Sir Andrew, "if you avoid that foolish beaten road of falling upon aldermen and citizens, and employ your pen upon the vanity and luxury of courts, your paper must needs be of general use."

Upon this my friend the Templar told Sir Andrew that he wondered to hear a man of his sense talk after that manner; that the city had always been the province for satire; and that the wits of King Charles's time jested upon nothing else during his whole reign. He then showed, by the examples of Horace, Juvenal, Boileau, and the best writers of every age, that the follies of the stage and court had never been accounted too sacred for ridicule, how great soever the persons might be that patronized them. "But after all," says he, "I think your raillery has made too great an excursion, in attacking several persons of the Inns of Court; and I do not believe you can show me any precedent for your behavior in that particular."

My good friend Sir Roger de Coverley, who had said nothing all this while, began his speech with a "Pish!" and told us that he wondered to see so many men of sense so very serious upon fooleries. "Let our good friend," says he, "attack every one that deserves it; I would only advise you, Mr. Spectator," — applying himself to me, — "to take care how you meddle with country squires. They are the ornaments of the English nation, — men of good heads and sound bodies! and, let me tell you, some

of them take it ill of you that you mention fox-hunters with so little respect."

Captain Sentry spoke very sparingly on this occasion. What he said was only to commend my prudence in not touching upon the army, and advised me to continue to act discreetly in that point.

By this time I found every subject of my speculations was taken away from me by one or other of the club, and began to think myself in the condition of the good man that had one wife who took a dislike to his grey hairs, and another to his black, till by their picking out what each of them had an aversion to, they left his head altogether bald and naked.

While I was thus musing with myself, my worthy friend the clergyman, who, very luckily for me, was at the club that night, undertook my cause. He told us that he wondered any order of persons should think themselves too considerable to be advised. That it was not quality, but innocence, which exempted men from reproof. That vice and folly ought to be attacked wherever they could be met with, and especially when they were placed in high and conspicuous stations of life. He further added, that my paper would only serve to aggravate the pains of poverty, if it chiefly exposed those who are already depressed, and in some measure turned into ridicule, by the meanness of their conditions and circumstances. He afterwards proceeded to take notice of the great use this paper might be of to the public, by reprehending those vices which are too trivial for the chastisement of the law, and too fantastical for the cognizance of the pulpit. He then advised me to prosecute my undertaking with cheerfulness, and assured me, that whoever might be displeased with me, I should be approved by all those whose praises do honor to the persons on whom they are bestowed.

The whole club pays a particular deference to the discourse of this gentleman, and are drawn into what he says, as much by the candid and ingenuous manner with which he delivers himself, as by the strength of argument and force of reason which he makes use of. Will Honeycomb immediately agreed that what he had said was right, and that, for his part, he would not insist upon the quarter which he had demanded for the ladies. Sir Andrew gave up the city with the same frankness. The Templar would not stand out, and was followed by Sir Roger and the Captain, — who all agreed that I should be at liberty to carry the war into what quarter I pleased, provided I continued to combat with criminals in a body, and to assault the vice without hurting the person.

This debate, which was held for the good of mankind, put me in mind of that which the Roman triumvirate were formerly engaged in for their destruction. Every man at first stood hard for his friend, till they found that by this means they should spoil their proscription; and at length, making a sacrifice of all their acquaintance and relations, furnished out a very decent execution.

Having thus taken my resolutions to march on boldly in the cause of virtue and good sense, and to annoy their adversaries in whatever degree or rank of men they may be found, I shall be deaf for the future to all the remonstrances that shall be made to me on this account. If Punch grows extravagant, I shall reprimand him very freely. If the stage becomes a nursery of folly and impertinence, I shall not be afraid to animadvert upon it. In short, if I meet with anything in city, court, or country, that shocks modesty or good manners, I shall use my utmost endeavors to make an example of it. I must, however, intreat every particular person who does me the honor to be a reader of this paper, never to think himself,

or any one of his friends or enemies, aimed at in what is said: for I promise him, never to draw a faulty character which does not fit a thousand people; or to publish a single paper that is not written in the spirit of benevolence and with a love to mankind.

V. SIR ROGER'S CLIENT.

No. 37.] Thursday, April 12, 1711. [ADDISON.

Non illa colo calathisve Minervae
Femineas assueta manus. . . .
VIRG.

SOME months ago, my friend Sir Roger, being in the country, enclosed a letter to me, directed to a certain lady whom I shall here call by the name of Leonora, and as it contained matters of consequence, desired me to deliver it to her with my own hand. Accordingly I waited upon her ladyship pretty early in the morning, and was desired by her woman to walk into her lady's library, till such time as she was in a readiness to receive me. The very sound of "a lady's library" gave me a great curiosity to see it; and as it was some time before the lady came to me, I had an opportunity of turning over a great many of her books, which were ranged together in a very beautiful order. At the end of the folios, which were finely bound and gilt, were great jars of china placed one above another in a very noble piece of architecture. The quartos were separated from the octavos by a pile of smaller vessels, which rose in a delightful pyramid. The octavos were bounded by tea-dishes of all shapes, colors, and sizes, which were so disposed on a wooden frame that they looked like one continued pillar indented with the finest strokes of sculpture and stained with the greatest variety of dyes.

That part of the library which was designed for the reception of plays and pamphlets, and other loose papers, was enclosed in a kind of square, consisting of one of the prettiest grotesque works that ever I saw, and made up of scaramouches, lions, monkeys, mandarins, trees, shells, and a thousand other odd figures in china ware. In the midst of the room was a little japan table, with a quire of gilt paper upon it, and on the paper a silver snuff box made in the shape of a little book. I found there were several other counterfeit books upon the upper shelves, which were carved in wood, and served only to fill up the number, like fagots in the muster of a regiment. I was wonderfully pleased with such a mixed kind of furniture as seemed very suitable both to the lady and the scholar, and did not know, at first, whether I should fancy myself in a grotto or in a library.

Upon my looking into the books, I found there were some few which the lady had bought for her own use; but that most of them had been got together, either because she had heard them praised, or because she had seen the authors of them. Among several that I examined, I very well remember these that follow:

Ogilby's "Virgil."

Dryden's "Juvenal."

"Cassandra."

"Cleopatra."

"Astræa."

Sir Isaac Newton's works.

"The Grand Cyrus," with a pin stuck in one of the middle leaves.

Pembroke's "Arcadia."

Locke of "Human Understanding," with a paper of patches in it.

A spelling book.

A dictionary for the explanation of hard words.

Sherlock upon "Death."

"The Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony."

Sir William Temple's "Essays."

Father Malebranche's "Search after Truth," translated into English.

A book of novels.

"The Academy of Compliments."

"The Ladies' Calling."

"Tales in Verse," by Mr. D'Urfey; bound in red leather, gilt on the back, and doubled down in several places.

All the classic authors in wood.

A set of Elzevirs by the same hand.

"Clelia," which opened of itself in the place that describes two lovers in a bower.

Baker's "Chronicle."

"Advice to a Daughter."

"The New Atalantis," with a key to it.

Mr. Steele's "Christian Hero."

A prayer-book; with a bottle of Hungary water by the side of it.

Dr. Sacheverell's Speech.

Fielding's Trial.

Seneca's "Morals."

Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying."

La Ferte's "Instructions for Country Dances."

I was taking a catalogue in my pocket-book of these and several other authors, when Leonora entered, and upon my presenting her with the letter from the knight, told me, with an unspeakable grace, that she hoped Sir Roger was in good health. I answered, "Yes," for I hate long speeches, and after a bow or two retired.

Leonora was formerly a celebrated beauty, and is still

a very lovely woman. She has been a widow for two or three years, and being unfortunate in her first marriage, has taken a resolution never to venture upon a second. She has no children to take care of, and leaves the management of her estate to my good friend Sir Roger. But as the mind naturally sinks into a kind of lethargy, and falls asleep, that is not agitated by some favorite pleasures and pursuits, Leonora has turned all the passions of her sex into a love of books and retirement. She converses chiefly with men, — as she has often said herself, — but it is only in their writings ; and admits of very few male visitants except my friend Sir Roger, whom she hears with great pleasure and without scandal.

As her reading has lain very much among romances, it has given her a very particular turn of thinking, and discovers itself even in her house, her gardens, and her furniture. Sir Roger has entertained me an hour together with a description of her country seat, which is situated in a kind of wilderness, about an hundred miles distant from London, and looks like a little enchanted palace. The rocks about her are shaped into artificial grottoes covered with woodbines and jessamines. The woods are cut into shady walks, twisted into bowers, and filled with cages of turtles. The springs are made to run among pebbles, and by that means taught to murmur very agreeably. They are likewise collected into a beautiful lake that is inhabited by a couple of swans, and empties itself by a little rivulet which runs through a green meadow, and is known in the family by the name of the Purling Stream.

The knight likewise tells me that this lady preserves her game better than any of the gentlemen in the country. "Not," says Sir Roger, "that she sets so great a value upon her partridges and pheasants, as upon her larks and nightingales ; for she says that every bird which is killed

in her ground will spoil a consort, and that she shall certainly miss him the next year."

When I think how oddly this lady is improved by learning, I look upon her with a mixture of admiration and pity. Amidst these innocent entertainments which she has formed to herself, how much more valuable does she appear than those of her sex who employ themselves in diversions that are less reasonable, though more in fashion. What improvements would a woman have made, who is so susceptible of impressions from what she reads, had she been guided to such books as have a tendency to enlighten the understanding and rectify the passions, as well as to those which are of little more use than to divert the imagination.

But the manner of a lady's employing herself usefully in reading shall be the subject of another paper, in which I design to recommend such particular books as may be proper for the improvement of the sex. And as this is a subject of a very nice nature, I shall desire my correspondents to give me their thoughts upon it. C.

VI. THE SPECTATOR AT COVERLEY HALL.

No. 106.] Monday, July 2, 1711. [ADDISON.

Hinc tibi copia
Manabit ad plenum benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.
HOR.

HAVING often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humor, lets

me rise and go to bed when I please, dine at his own table or in my chamber, as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the country come to see him, he only shows me at a distance. As I have been walking in his fields I have observed them stealing a sight of me over an hedge, and have heard the knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family because it consists of sober and staid persons ; for, as the knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants ; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him ; by this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his *valet de chambre* for his brother, his butler is gray-headed, his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy counsellor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old house dog, and in a gray pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure the joy that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at his country seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master ; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time the good old knight, with a mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good nature engages everybody to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family

are in good humor, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with; on the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all of his servants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as of his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the nature of a chaplain above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life and obliging conversation; he heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old knight's esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependant.

I have observed in several of my papers, that my friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of an humorist, and that his virtues as well as imperfections are, as it were, tinged by a certain extravagance which makes them particularly *his*, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colors. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned; and without staying for my answer, told me that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table, for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the university to find

him out a clergyman, rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of backgammon. "My friend," says Sir Roger, "found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it. I have given him the parsonage of the parish, and, because I know his value, have settled upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years, and though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked anything of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants, his parishioners. There has not been a lawsuit in the parish since he has lived among them: if any dispute arises they apply themselves to him for the decision; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, — which I think never happened above once or twice at most, — they appeal to me. At his first settling with me, I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly he has digested them into such a series that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity.

As Sir Roger was going on in his story, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us; and upon the knight's asking him who preached to-morrow (for it was Saturday night), told us the Bishop of St. Asaph in the morning and Dr. South in the afternoon. He then showed us his list of preachers for the whole year, where I saw, with a great deal of pleasure, Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Saunderson, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Calamy, with several living

authors who have published discourses of practical divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice; for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as with the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after this manner is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow this example; and instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavor after a handsome elocution, and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the people. L.

VII. THE COVERLEY HOUSEHOLD.

No. 107.] Tuesday, July 3, 1711. [STEELE.

Æsopo ingentem statuam posuere Attici
Servumque collocarunt aeterna in basi,
Patere honoris scirent ut cuncti viam.
PHÆD.

THE reception, manner of attendance, undisturbed freedom and quiet, which I meet with here in the country, has confirmed me in the opinion I always had, that the general corruption of manners in servants is owing to the conduct of masters. The aspect of every one in the family carries so much satisfaction that it appears he knows the happy lot which has befallen him in being a member of it. There is one particular which I have seldom seen but at Sir Roger's: it is usual in all other places that servants fly from the parts of the house through which their master

is passing; on the contrary, here, they industriously place themselves in his way; and it is on both sides, as it were, understood as a visit, when the servants appear without calling. This proceeds from the humane and equal temper of the man of the house, who also perfectly well knows how to enjoy a great estate with such economy as ever to be much beforehand. This makes his own mind untroubled, and consequently unapt to vent peevish expressions, or give passionate or inconsistent orders to those about him. Thus respect and love go together; and a certain cheerfulness in performance of their duty is the particular distinction of the lower part of this family. When a servant is called before his master, he does not come with an expectation to hear himself rated for some trivial fault, threatened to be stripped, or used with any other unbecoming language, which mean masters often give to worthy servants: but it is often to know what road he took that he came so readily back according to order; whether he passed by such a ground; if the old man who rents it is in good health; or whether he gave Sir Roger's love to him, or the like.

A man who preserves a respect founded on his benevolence to his dependants lives rather like a prince than a master in his family; his orders are received as favors, rather than duties; and the distinction of approaching him is part of the reward for executing what is commanded by him.

There is another circumstance in which my friend excels in his management, which is the manner of rewarding his servants. He has ever been of opinion that giving his cast clothes to be worn by valets has a very ill effect upon little minds, and creates a silly sense of equality between the parties, in persons affected only with outward things. I have heard him often pleasant on this occasion, and

describe a young gentleman abusing his man in that coat which a month or two before was the most pleasing distinction he was conscious of in himself. He would turn his discourse still more pleasantly upon the ladies' bounties of this kind; and I have heard him say he knew a fine woman who distributed rewards and punishments in giving becoming or unbecoming dresses to her maids.

But my good friend is above these little instances of good-will, in bestowing only trifles on his servants; a good servant to him is sure of having it in his choice very soon of being no servant at all. As I before observed, he is so good an husband, and knows so thoroughly that the skill of the purse is the cardinal virtue of this life, — I say, he knows so well that frugality is the support of generosity, that he can often spare a large fine when a tenement falls, and give that settlement to a good servant who has a mind to go into the world, or make a stranger pay the fine to that servant, for his more comfortable maintenance, if he stays in his service.

A man of honor and generosity considers it would be miserable to himself to have no will but that of another, though it were of the best person breathing, and for that reason goes on as fast as he is able to put his servants into independent livelihoods. The greatest part of Sir Roger's estate is tenanted by persons who have served himself or his ancestors. It was to me extremely pleasant to observe the visitants from several parts to welcome his arrival into the country; and all the difference that I could take notice of between the late servants who came to see him and those who stayed in the family, was that these latter were looked upon as finer gentlemen and better courtiers.

This manumission and placing them in a way of livelihood I look upon as only what is due to a good servant,

which encouragement will make his successor be as diligent, as humble, and as ready as he was. There is something wonderful in the narrowness of those minds which can be pleased, and be barren of bounty to those who please them.

One might, on this occasion, recount the sense that great persons in all ages have had of the merit of their dependants, and the heroic services which men have done their masters in the extremity of their fortunes, and shown to their undone patrons that fortune was all the difference between them; but as I design this my speculation only as a gentle admonition to thankless masters, I shall not go out of the occurrences of common life, but assert it, as a general observation, that I never saw, but in Sir Roger's family and one or two more, good servants treated as they ought to be. Sir Roger's kindness extends to their children's children, and this very morning he sent his coachman's grandson to prentice. I shall conclude this paper with an account of a picture in his gallery, where there are many which will deserve my future observation.

At the very upper end of this handsome structure I saw the portraiture of two young men standing in a river, — the one naked, the other in a livery. The person supported seemed half dead, but still so much alive as to show in his face exquisite joy and love towards the other. I thought the fainting figure resembled my friend Sir Roger; and, looking at the butler, who stood by me, for an account of it, he informed me that the person in the livery was a servant of Sir Roger's, who stood on the shore while his master was swimming, and observing him taken with some sudden illness, and sink under water, jumped in and saved him. He told me Sir Roger took off the dress he was in as soon as he came home, and by a great bounty at that time, followed by his favor ever since, had

made him master of that pretty seat which we saw at a distance as we came to this house. I remembered indeed Sir Roger said there lived a very worthy gentleman, to whom he was highly obliged, without mentioning anything further. Upon my looking a little dissatisfied at some part of the picture, my attendant informed me that it was against Sir Roger's will, and at the earnest request of the gentleman himself, that he was drawn in the habit in which he had saved his master. R.

VIII. WILL WIMBLE.

No. 108.] Wednesday, July 4, 1711. [ADDISON.

Gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens.
PHÆD.

As I was yesterday morning walking with Sir Roger before his house, a country fellow brought him a huge fish, which, he told him, Mr. William Wimble had caught that very morning; and that he presented it with his service to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the same time he delivered a letter, which my friend read to me as soon as the messenger left him.

"Sir Roger,

"I desire you to accept of a jack, which is the best I have caught this season. I intend to come and stay with you a week, and see how the perch bite in the Black River. I observed with some concern, the last time I saw you upon the bowling green, that your whip wanted a lash to it; I will bring half a dozen with me that I twisted last week, which I hope will serve you all the time you are in the country. I have not been out of the saddle for six

days last past, having been at Eton with Sir John's eldest son. He takes to his learning hugely.

"I am, sir, your humble servant,

"WILL WIMBLE."

This extraordinary letter, and message that accompanied it, made me very curious to know the character and quality of the gentleman who sent them, which I found to be as follows. Will Wimble is younger brother to a baronet, and descended of the ancient family of the Wimbles. He is now between forty and fifty, but, being bred to no business and born to no estate, he generally lives with his elder brother as superintendent of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man; he makes a may-fly to a miracle, and furnishes the whole country with angle-rods. As he is a good-natured, officious fellow, and very much esteemed upon account of his family, he is a welcome guest at every house, and keeps up a good correspondence among all the gentlemen about him. He carries a tulip-root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of friends that live perhaps in the opposite sides of the county. Will is a particular favorite of all the young heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a net that he has weaved, or a setting-dog that he has made himself. He now and then presents a pair of garters of his own knitting to their mothers or sisters, and raises a great deal of mirth among them by inquiring, as often as he meets them, how they wear. These gentleman-like manufactures and obliging little humors make Will the darling of the country.

Sir Roger was proceeding in the character of him, when he saw him make up to us with two or three hazel twigs in his hand that he had cut in Sir Roger's woods, as he came through them, in his way to the house. I was very much pleased to observe on one side the hearty and sincere welcome with which Sir Roger received him, and on the other, the secret joy which his guest discovered at sight of the good old knight. After the first salutes were over, Will desired Sir Roger to lend him one of his servants to carry a set of shuttlecocks he had with him in a little box to a lady that lived about a mile off, to whom it seems he had promised such a present for above this half year. Sir Roger's back was no sooner turned but honest Will began to tell me of a large cock-pheasant that he had sprung in one of the neighboring woods, with two or three other adventures of the same nature. Odd and uncommon characters are the game that I look for and most delight in; for which reason I was as much pleased with the novelty of the person that talked to me as he could be for his life with the springing of a pheasant, and therefore listened to him with more than ordinary attention.

In the midst of his discourse the bell rung to dinner, where the gentleman I have been speaking of had the pleasure of seeing the huge jack he had caught, served up for the first dish in a most sumptuous manner. Upon our sitting down to it, he gave us a long account how he had hooked it, played with it, foiled it, and at length drew it out upon the bank, with several other particulars that lasted all the first course. A dish of wild fowl that came afterwards furnished conversation for the rest of the dinner, which concluded with a late invention of Will's for improving the quail-pipe.

Upon withdrawing into my room after dinner, I was

secretly touched with compassion towards the honest gentleman that had dined with us, and could not but consider, with a great deal of concern, how so good an heart and such busy hands were wholly employed in trifles; that so much humanity should be so little beneficial to others, and so much industry so little advantageous to himself. The same temper of mind and application to affairs might have recommended him to the public esteem, and have raised his fortune in another station of life. What good to his country or himself might not a trader or merchant have done with such useful though ordinary qualifications?

Will Wimble's is the case of many a younger brother of a great family, who had rather see their children starve like gentlemen than thrive in a trade or profession that is beneath their quality. This humor fills several parts of Europe with pride and beggary. It is the happiness of a trading nation, like ours, that the younger sons, though uncapable of any liberal art or profession, may be placed in such a way of life as may perhaps enable them to vie with the best of their family. Accordingly, we find several citizens that were launched into the world with narrow fortunes, rising by an honest industry to greater estates than those of their elder brothers. It is not improbable but Will was formerly tried at divinity, law, or physic; and that finding his genius did not lie that way, his parents gave him up at length to his own inventions. But certainly, however improper he might have been for studies of a higher nature, he was perfectly well turned for the occupations of trade and commerce. As I think this is a point which cannot be too much inculcated, I shall desire my reader to compare what I have here written, with what I have said in my twenty-first speculation.

L.

IX. SIR ROGER'S ANCESTORS.

No. 109.] Thursday, July 5, 1711. [STEELE.

Abnormis sapiens.
HOR.

I WAS this morning walking in the gallery, when Sir Roger entered at the end opposite to me, and, advancing towards me, said he was glad to meet me among his relations, the de Coverleys, and hoped I liked the conversation of so much good company, who were as silent as myself. I knew he alluded to the pictures; and, as he is a gentleman who does not a little value himself upon his ancient descent, I expected he would give me some account of them. We were now arrived at the upper end of the gallery, when the knight faced towards one of the pictures, and, as we stood before it, he entered into the matter, after his blunt way of saying things as they occur to his imagination, without regular introduction or care to preserve the appearance of chain of thought.

"It is," said he, "worth while to consider the force of dress, and how the persons of one age differ from those of another merely by that only. One may observe, also, that the general fashion of one age has been followed by one particular set of people in another, and by them preserved from one generation to another. Thus, the vast jetting coat and small bonnet, which was the habit in Harry the Seventh's time, is kept on in the yeomen of the guard; not without a good and politic view, because they look a foot taller, and a foot and an half broader; besides that the cap leaves the face expanded, and consequently more terrible, and fitter to stand at the entrance of palaces,

"This predecessor of ours, you see, is dressed after this manner, and his cheeks would be no larger than mine, were he in a hat as I am. He was the last man that won a prize in the Tilt-yard, which is now a common street before Whitehall. You see the broken lance that lies there by his right foot. He shivered that lance of his adversary all to pieces; and, bearing himself — look you, sir — in this manner, at the same time he came within the target of the gentleman who rode against him, and taking him with incredible force before him on the pommel of his saddle, he in that manner rid the tournament over, with an air that showed he did it rather to perform the rule of the lists than expose his enemy. However, it appeared he knew how to make use of a victory; and, with a gentle trot, he marched up to a gallery where their mistress sat, — for they were rivals, — and let him down with laudable courtesy and pardonable insolence. I don't know but it might be exactly where the coffee-house is now.

"You are to know this my ancestor was not only of a military genius, but fit also for the arts of peace; for he played on the bass viol as well as any gentleman at court. You see where his viol hangs by his basket-hilt sword. The action at the Tilt-yard you may be sure won the fair lady, who was a maid of honor, and the greatest beauty of her time. There she stands, the next picture. You see, sir, my great-great-great-grandmother has on the new-fashioned petticoat, except that the modern is gathered at the waist: my grandmother appears as if she stood in a large drum, whereas the ladies now walk as if they were in a go-cart. For all this lady was bred at court, she became an excellent country wife; she brought ten children; and, when I show you the library, you shall see, in her own hand, allowing for the difference of the

language, the best receipt now in England both for an hasty-pudding and a white-pot.

"If you please to fall back a little, — because 'tis necessary to look at the three next pictures at one view, — these are three sisters. She on the right hand, who is so very beautiful, died a maid; the next to her, still handsomer, had the same fate, against her will; this homely thing in the middle had both their portions added to her own, and was stolen by a neighboring gentleman, a man of stratagem and resolution, for he poisoned three mastiffs to come at her, and knocked down two deer-stealers in carrying her off. Misfortunes happen in all families. The theft of this romp and so much money was no great matter to our estate. But the next heir that possessed it was this soft gentleman, whom you see there; observe the small buttons, the little boots, the laces, the slashes about his clothes, and, above all, the posture he is drawn in, — which to be sure was his own choosing. You see he sits with one hand on a desk, writing and looking as it were another way, like an easy writer or a sonneteer. He was one of those that had too much wit to know how to live in the world: he was a man of no justice, but great good manners; he ruined everybody that had anything to do with him, but never said a rude thing in his life; the most indolent person in the world, he would sign a deed that passed away half his estate, with his gloves on, but would not put on his hat before a lady if it were to save his country. He is said to be the first that made love by squeezing the hand. He left the estate with ten thousand pounds' debt upon it; but, however, by all hands I have been informed that he was every way the finest gentleman in the world. That debt lay heavy on our house for one generation; but it was retrieved by a gift from that honest man you see there, a citizen of our

name, but nothing at all akin to us. I know Sir Andrew Freeport has said behind my back that this man was descended from one of the ten children of the maid of honor I showed you above; but it was never made out. We winked at the thing, indeed, because money was wanting at that time."

Here I saw my friend a little embarrassed, and turned my face to the next portraiture.

Sir Roger went on with his account of the gallery in the following manner: "This man" pointing to him I looked at — "I take to be the honor of our house, Sir Humphrey de Coverley. He was, in his dealings, as punctual as a tradesman and as generous as a gentleman. He would have thought himself as much undone by breaking his word as if it were to be followed by bankruptcy. He served his country as knight of this shire to his dying day. He found it no easy matter to maintain an integrity in his words and actions, even in things that regarded the offices which were incumbent upon him in the care of his own affairs and relations of life, and therefore dreaded, though he had great talents, to go into employments of state, where he must be exposed to the snares of ambition. Innocence of life and great ability were the distinguishing parts of his character; the latter, he had often observed, had led to the destruction of the former, and used frequently to lament that *great* and *good* had not the same signification. He was an excellent husbandman, but had resolved not to exceed such a degree of wealth; all above it he bestowed in secret bounties many years after the sum he aimed at for his own use was attained. Yet he did not slacken his industry, but to a decent old age spent the life and fortune which was superfluous to himself, in the service of his friends and neighbors."

Here we were called to dinner; and Sir Roger ended

the discourse of this gentleman by telling me, as we followed the servant, that this his ancestor was a brave man, and narrowly escaped being killed in the Civil Wars; "for," said he, "he was sent out of the field upon a private message the day before the battle of Worcester."

The whim of narrowly escaping by having been within a day of danger, with other matters above mentioned, mixed with good sense, left me at a loss whether I was more delighted with my friend's wisdom or simplicity.

R.

X. COVERLEY GHOSTS.

No. 110.] Friday, July 6, 1711. [ADDISON.

Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.
VIRG.

AT a little distance from Sir Roger's house, among the ruins of an old abbey, there is a long walk of aged elms, which are shot up so very high that, when one passes under them, the rooks and crows that rest upon the tops of them seem to be cawing in another region. I am very much delighted with this sort of noise, which I consider as a kind of natural prayer to that Being who supplies the wants of His whole creation, and who, in the beautiful language of the Psalms, feedeth the young ravens that call upon Him. I like this retirement the better, because of an ill report it lies under of being haunted; for which reason, as I have been told in the family, no living creature ever walks in it besides the chaplain. My good friend the butler desired me, with a very grave face, not to venture myself in it after sunset, for that one of the footmen had been almost frighted out of his wits by a spirit that appeared to him in the shape of a black horse without an head; to which he added, that about a month ago one of the maids coming home late that way, with a

pail of milk upon her head, heard such a rustling among the bushes that she let it fall.

I was taking a walk in this place last night between the hours of nine and ten, and could not but fancy it one of the most proper scenes in the world for a ghost to appear in. The ruins of the abbey are scattered up and down on every side, and half covered with ivy and elder bushes, the harbors of several solitary birds which seldom make their appearance till the dusk of the evening. The place was formerly a church-yard, and has still several marks in it of graves and burying-places. There is such an echo among the old ruins and vaults that, if you stamp but a little louder than ordinary, you hear the sound repeated. At the same time the walk of elms, with the croaking of the ravens which from time to time are heard from the tops of them, looks exceeding solemn and venerable. These objects naturally raise seriousness and attention; and when night heightens the awfulness of the place, and pours out her supernumerary horrors upon everything in it, I do not at all wonder that weak minds fill it with spectres and apparitions.

Mr. Locke, in his chapter of the Association of Ideas, has very curious remarks to show how, by the prejudice of education, one idea often introduces into the mind a whole set that bear no resemblance to one another in the nature of things. Among several examples of this kind, he produces the following instance: "The ideas of goblins and sprites have really no more to do with darkness than light; yet, let but a foolish maid inculcate these often on the mind of a child, and raise them there together, possibly he shall never be able to separate them again so long as he lives, but darkness shall ever afterwards bring with it those frightful ideas, and they shall be so joined that he can no more bear the one than the other."

As I was walking in this solitude, where the dusk of the evening conspired with so many other occasions of terror, I observed a cow grazing not far from me, which an imagination that is apt to startle might easily have construed into a black horse without an head ; and I dare say the poor footman lost his wits upon some such trivial occasion.

My friend Sir Roger has often told me, with a great deal of mirth, that at his first coming to his estate, he found three parts of his house altogether useless : that the best room in it had the reputation of being haunted, and by that means was locked up ; that noises had been heard in his long gallery, so that he could not get a servant to enter it after eight o'clock at night ; that the door of one of his chambers was nailed up, because there went a story in the family that a butler had formerly hanged himself in it ; and that his mother, who lived to a great age, had shut up half the rooms in the house, in which either her husband, a son, or daughter had died. The knight, seeing his habitation reduced to so small a compass and himself in a manner shut out of his own house, upon the death of his mother ordered all the apartments to be flung open and exorcised by his chaplain, who lay in every room one after another, and by that means dissipated the fears which had so long reigned in the family.

I should not have been thus particular upon these ridiculous horrors, did not I find them so very much prevail in all parts of the country. At the same time, I think a person who is thus terrified with the imagination of ghosts and spectres much more reasonable than one who, contrary to the reports of all historians, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless.

Could not I give myself up to this general testimony of mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact. I might here add, that not only the historians, to whom we may join the poets, but likewise the philosophers of antiquity have favored this opinion. Lucretius himself, though by the course of his philosophy he was obliged to maintain that the soul did not exist separate from the body, makes no doubt of the reality of apparitions, and that men have often appeared after their death. This I think very remarkable: he was so pressed with the matter of fact which he could not have the confidence to deny, that he was forced to account for it by one of the most absurd unphilosophical notions that was ever started. He tells us that the surfaces of all bodies are perpetually flying off from their respective bodies one after another; and that these surfaces or thin cases that included each other, whilst they were joined in the body, like the coats of an onion, are sometimes seen entire when they are separated from it; by which means we often behold the shapes and shadows of persons who are either dead or absent.

I shall dismiss this paper with a story out of Josephus, not so much for the sake of the story itself as for the moral reflections with which the author concludes it, and which I shall here set down in his own words:

"Glaphyra, the daughter of King Archelaus, after the death of her two first husbands, — being married to a third, who was brother to her first husband, and so passionately in love with her that he turned off his former wife to make room for this marriage, — had a very odd kind of dream. She fancied that she saw her first husband coming towards her, and that she embraced him with great tenderness; when in the midst of the pleasure which

she expressed at the sight of him, he reproached her after the following manner:

"'Glaphyra,' says he, 'thou hast made good the old saying that women are not to be trusted. Was not I the husband of thy virginity? Have I not children by thee? How couldst thou forget our loves so far as to enter into a second marriage, and after that into a third? . . . However, for the sake of our past loves I shall free thee from thy present reproach, and make thee mine for ever.'

"Glaphyra told this dream to several women of her acquaintance, and died soon after.

"I thought this story might not be impertinent in this place wherein I speak of those kings. Besides that, the example deserves to be taken notice of, as it contains a most certain proof of the immortality of the soul, and of divine providence. If any man thinks these facts incredible, let him enjoy his own opinion to himself, but let him not endeavor to disturb the belief of others, who by instances of this nature are excited to the study of virtue." L.

XI. A COUNTRY SUNDAY.

No. 112.] Monday, July 9, 1711. [ADDISON.

Ἀθανάτους μὲν πρῶτα θεοὺς, νόμῳ ὡς διάκειται,
Τίμα.

PYTH.

I AM always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which

the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the church-yard as a citizen does upon the Change, the whole parish politics being generally discussed at that place, either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing; he has likewise given a handsome pulpit cloth, and railed in the communion table at his own expense. He has often told me that, at his coming to his estate, he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a Common Prayer Book, and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for, if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and, if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servant to them. Several other of the old

knight's particularities break out upon these occasions: sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing Psalms half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces "Amen" three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behavior; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character makes his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side, and every now and then inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church, — which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me that, upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger had been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement, and sometimes accompanies it

with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and, that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised, upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the squire, and the squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe stealers; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them in almost every sermon that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity that the squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people, who are so used to be dazzled with riches that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it. L.

XII. SIR ROGER IN LOVE.

No. 113.] Tuesday, July 10, 1711. [STEELE.

Haerent infixi pectore vultus.
VIRG.

IN my first description of the company in which I pass most of my time, it may be remembered that I mentioned a great affliction which my friend Sir Roger had met with in his youth, — which was no less than a disappointment in love. It happened this evening that we fell into a very pleasing walk at a distance from his house. As soon as we came into it, "It is," quoth the good old man, looking round him with a smile, "very hard that any part of my land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse widow did; and yet I am sure I could not see a sprig of any bough of this whole walk of trees but I should reflect upon her and her severity. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. You are to know this was the place wherein I used to muse upon her; and by that custom I can never come into it but the same tender sentiments revive in my mind, as if I had actually walked with that beautiful creature under these shades. I have been fool enough to carve her name on the bark of several of these trees; so unhappy is the condition of men in love to attempt the removing of their passion by the methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world."

Here followed a profound silence; and I was not displeased to observe my friend falling so naturally into a discourse which I had ever before taken notice he industriously avoided. After a very long pause, he entered upon an account of this great circumstance in his life,

with an air which I thought raised my idea of him above what I had ever had before ; and gave me the picture of that cheerful mind of his before it received that stroke which has ever since affected his words and actions. But he went on as follows :

"I came to my estate in my twenty-second year, and resolved to follow the steps of the most worthy of my ancestors who have inhabited this spot of earth before me, in all the methods of hospitality and good neighborhood, for the sake of my fame, and in country sports and recreations, for the sake of my health. In my twenty-third year I was obliged to serve as sheriff of the county ; and in my servants, officers, and whole equipage, indulged the pleasure of a young man, who did not think ill of his own person, in taking that public occasion of showing my figure and behavior to advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what appearance I made, who am pretty tall, rid well, and was very well dressed, at the head of a whole county, with music before me, a feather in my hat, and my horse well bitted. I can assure you I was not a little pleased with the kind looks and glances I had from all the balconies and windows, as I rode to the hall where the assizes were held. But when I came there, a beautiful creature in a widow's habit sat in court, to hear the event of a cause concerning her dower. This commanding creature (who was born for destruction of all who behold her) put on such a resignation in her countenance, and bore the whispers of all around the court with such a pretty uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself from one eye to another, till she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a murrain to her, she cast her bewitching eye upon me. I no sooner met it but I bowed like a great surprised booby ; and, knowing her cause to

be the first which came on, I cried, like a captivated calf as I was, 'Make way for the defendant's witnesses!' This sudden partiality made all the county immediately see the sheriff also was become a slave to the fine widow. During the time her cause was upon trial, she behaved herself, I warrant you, with such a deep attention to her business, took opportunities to have little billets handed to her counsel, then would be in such a pretty confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much company, that not only I but the whole court was prejudiced in her favor; and all that the next heir to her husband had to urge was thought so groundless and frivolous that, when it came to her counsel to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the court thought he could have urged to her advantage. You must understand, sir, this perverse woman is one of those unaccountable creatures that secretly rejoice in the admiration of men, but indulge themselves in no further consequences. Hence it is that she has ever had a train of admirers, and she removes from her slaves in town to those in the country according to the seasons of the year. She is a reading lady, and far gone in the pleasures of friendship; she is always accompanied by a confidante, who is witness to her daily protestations against our sex, and consequently a bar to her first steps towards love, upon the strength of her own maxims and declarations.

"However, I must needs say this accomplished mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and has been known to declare Sir Roger de Coverley was the tamest and most human of all the brutes in the country. I was told she said so by one who thought he rallied me; but, upon the strength of this slender encouragement of being thought least detestable, I made new liveries, new-paired my coach-horses, sent them all to town to

be bitted and taught to throw their legs well and move all together, before I pretended to cross the country and wait upon her. As soon as I thought my retinue suitable to the character of my fortune and youth, I set out from hence to make my addresses. The particular skill of this lady has ever been to inflame your wishes and yet command respect. To make her mistress of this art, she has a greater share of knowledge, wit, and good sense than is usual even among men of merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the race of women. If you won't let her go on with a certain artifice with her eyes, and the skill of beauty, she will arm herself with her real charms, and strike you with admiration instead of desire. It is certain that, if you were to behold the whole woman, there is that dignity in her aspect, that composure in her motion, that complacency in her manner, that if her form makes you hope, her merit makes you fear. But then again, she is such a desperate scholar that no country gentleman can approach her without being a jest. As I was going to tell you, when I came to her house I was admitted to her presence with great civility; at the same time she placed herself to be first seen by me in such an attitude, as I think you call the posture of a picture, that she discovered new charms, and I at last came towards her with such an awe as made me speechless. This she no sooner observed but she made her advantage of it, and began a discourse to me concerning love and honor, as they both are followed by pretenders, and the real votaries to them. When she had discussed these points in a discourse which I verily believe was as learned as the best philosopher in Europe could possibly make, she asked me whether she was so happy as to fall in with my sentiments on these important particulars. Her confidante sat by her, and upon my being in the last confusion and silence, this malicious aid

of hers, turning to her, says, 'I am very glad to observe Sir Roger pauses upon this subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his sentiments upon the matter when he pleases to speak.' They both kept their countenances, and after I had sat half an hour meditating how to behave before such profound casuists, I rose up and took my leave. Chance has since that time thrown me very often in her way, and she as often has directed a discourse to me which I do not understand. This barbarity has kept me ever at a distance from the most beautiful object my eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with all mankind, and you must make love to her, as you would conquer the sphinx, by posing her. But were she like other women, and that there were any talking to her, how constant must the pleasure of that man be who could converse with a creature — But, after all, you may be sure her heart is fixed on some one or other; and yet I have been credibly informed — but who can believe half that is said? After she had done speaking to me, she put her hand to her bosom and adjusted her tucker. Then she cast her eyes a little down, upon my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings excellently; her voice in her ordinary speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet. You must know I dined with her at a public table the day after I first saw her, and she helped me to some tansy in the eye of all the gentlemen in the country: she has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. I can assure you, sir, were you to behold her, you would be in the same condition; for, as her speech is music, her form is angelic. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her; but indeed it would be stupidity to be unconcerned at such perfection. Oh, the excellent creature! she is as inimitable to all women as she is inaccessible to all men."

I found my friend begin to rave, and insensibly led

him towards the house, that we might be joined by some other company; and am convinced that the widow is the secret cause of all that inconsistency which appears in some parts of my friend's discourse. Though he has so much command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet, according to that of Martial, which one knows not how to render in English, "*Dum tacet hanc loquitur.*" I shall end this paper with that whole epigram, which represents with much humor my honest friend's condition.

"Quicquid agit Rufus, nihil est nisi Naevia Rufo;
Si gaudet, si flet, si tacet, hanc loquitur:
Cenat, propinat, poscit, negat, annuit, — una est
Naevia; si non sit Naevia, mutus erit.
Scriberet hesterna patri cum luce salutem,
Naevia lux, inquit, 'Naevia lumen, ave.'

"Let Rufus weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,
Still he can nothing but of Naevia talk;
Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute,
Still he must speak of Naevia or be mute;
He writ to his father, ending with this line, —
'I am, my lovely Naevia, ever thine.'"

R.

XIII. THE SHAME OF POVERTY AND THE DREAD OF IT.

No. 114.] Wednesday, July 11, 1711. [STEELE.

Paupertatis pudor et fuga.

HOR.

ECONOMY in our affairs has the same effect upon our fortunes which good breeding has upon our conversations. There is a pretending behavior in both cases, which, instead of making men esteemed, renders them both miserable and contemptible. We had yesterday at Sir Roger's, a set of country gentlemen who dined with him; and after dinner, the glass was taken by those who pleased

pretty plentifully. Among others, I observed a person of a tolerable good aspect, who seemed to be more greedy of liquor than any of the company; and yet, methought, he did not taste it with delight. As he grew warm, he was suspicious of everything that was said; and as he advanced towards being fuddled, his humor grew worse. At the same time, his bitterness seemed to be rather an inward dissatisfaction in his own mind than any dislike he had taken at the company. Upon hearing his name, I knew him to be a gentleman of a considerable fortune in this county, but greatly in debt. What gives the unhappy man this peevishness of spirit is, that his estate is dipped, and is eating out with usury; and yet he has not the heart to sell any part of it. His proud stomach, at the cost of restless nights, constant inquietudes, danger of affronts, and a thousand nameless inconveniences, preserves this canker in his fortune, rather than it shall be said he is a man of fewer hundreds a year than he has been commonly reputed. Thus he endures the torment of poverty, to avoid the name of being less rich. If you go to his house you see great plenty, but served in a manner that shows it is all unnatural, and that the master's mind is not at home. There is a certain waste and carelessness in the air of everything, and the whole appears but a covered indigence, a magnificent poverty. That neatness and cheerfulness which attends the table of him who lives within compass, is wanting, and exchanged for a libertine way of service in all about him.

This gentleman's conduct, though a very common way of management, is as ridiculous as that officer's would be who had but few men under his command, and should take the charge of an extent of country rather than of a small pass. To pay for, personate, and keep in a man's hands a greater estate than he really has, is of all others

the most unpardonable vanity, and must in the end reduce the man who is guilty of it to dishonor. Yet, if we look round us in any county of Great Britain, we shall see many in this fatal error, — if that may be called by so soft a name which proceeds from a false shame of appearing what they really are, — when the contrary behavior would in a short time advance them to the condition which they pretend to.

Laertes has fifteen hundred pounds a year, which is mortgaged for six thousand pounds; but it is impossible to convince him that if he sold as much as would pay off that debt he would save four shillings in the pound, which he gives for the vanity of being the reputed master of it. Yet, if Laertes did this, he would perhaps be easier in his own fortune; but then, Irus, a fellow of yesterday, who has but twelve hundred a year, would be his equal. Rather than this shall be, Laertes goes on to bring well-born beggars into the world, and every twelvemonth charges his estate with at least one year's rent more by the birth of a child.

Laertes and Irus are neighbors, whose way of living are an abomination to each other. Irus is moved by the fear of poverty, and Laertes by the shame of it. Though the motive of action is of so near affinity in both, and may be resolved into this, "That to each of them poverty is the greatest of all evils," yet are their manners very widely different. Shame of poverty makes Laertes launch into unnecessary equipage, vain expense, and lavish entertainments; fear of poverty makes Irus allow himself only plain necessaries, appear without a servant, sell his own corn, attend his laborers, and be himself a laborer. Shame of poverty makes Laertes go every day a step nearer to it, and fear of poverty stirs up Irus to make every day some further progress from it.

These different motives produce the excesses which men are guilty of in the negligence of and provision for themselves. Usury, stock-jobbing, extortion, and oppression have their seed in the dread of want; and vanity, riot, and prodigality, from the shame of it: but both these excesses are infinitely below the pursuit of a reasonable creature. After we have taken care to command so much as is necessary for maintaining ourselves in the order of men suitable to our character, the care of superfluities is a vice no less extravagant than the neglect of necessaries would have been before.

Certain it is that they are both out of nature when she is followed with reason and good sense. It is from this reflection that I always read Mr. Cowley with the greatest pleasure. His magnanimity is as much above that of other considerable men, as his understanding; and it is a true distinguishing spirit in the elegant author who published his works, to dwell so much upon the temper of his mind and the moderation of his desires. By this means he has rendered his friend as amiable as famous. That state of life which bears the face of poverty with Mr. Cowley's "great vulgar," is admirably described; and it is no small satisfaction to those of the same turn of desire, that he produces the authority of the wisest men of the best age of the world, to strengthen his opinion of the ordinary pursuits of mankind.

It would, methinks, be no ill maxim of life, if, according to that ancestor of Sir Roger whom I lately mentioned, every man would point to himself what sum he would resolve not to exceed. He might by this means cheat himself into a tranquillity on this side of that expectation, or convert what he should get above it to nobler uses than his own pleasures or necessities.

This temper of mind would exempt a man from an

ignorant envy of restless men above him, and a more inexcusable contempt of happy men below him. This would be sailing by some compass, living with some design; but to be eternally bewildered in prospects of future gain, and putting on unnecessary armor against improbable blows of fortune, is a mechanic being, which has not good sense for its direction, but is carried on by a sort of acquired instinct towards things below our consideration and unworthy our esteem.

It is possible that the tranquillity I now enjoy at Sir Roger's may have created in me this way of thinking, which is so abstracted from the common relish of the world; but, as I am now in a pleasing arbor, surrounded with a beautiful landscape, I find no inclination so strong as to continue in these mansions, so remote from the ostentatious scenes of life; and am, at this present writing, philosopher enough to conclude, with Mr. Cowley,—

> "If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat,
> With any wish so mean as to be great,
> Continue, Heaven, still from me to remove
> The humble blessings of that life I love!"

T.

XIV. LABOR AND EXERCISE.

No. 115.] Thursday, July 12, 1711. [Addison.

Ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.

Juv.

Bodily labor is of two kinds: either that which a man submits to for his livelihood, or that which he undergoes for his pleasure. The latter of them generally changes the name of labor for that of exercise, but differs only from ordinary labor as it rises from another motive.

A country life abounds in both these kinds of labor, and for that reason gives a man a greater stock of health,

and consequently a more perfect enjoyment of himself, than any other way of life. I consider the body as a system of tubes and glands, or, to use a more rustic phrase, a bundle of pipes and strainers, fitted to one another after so wonderful a manner as to make a proper engine for the soul to work with. This description does not only comprehend the bowels, bones, tendons, veins, nerves, and arteries, but every muscle and every ligature, which is a composition of fibres that are so many imperceptible tubes or pipes, interwoven on all sides with invisible glands or strainers.

This general idea of a human body, without considering it in its niceties of anatomy, lets us see how absolutely necessary labor is for the right preservation of it. There must be frequent motions and agitations, to mix, digest, and separate the juices contained in it, as well as to clear and cleanse that infinitude of pipes and strainers of which it is composed, and to give their solid parts a more firm and lasting tone. Labor or exercise ferments the humors, casts them into their proper channels, throws off redundancies, and helps nature in those secret distributions without which the body cannot subsist in its vigor, nor the soul act with cheerfulness.

I might here mention the effects which this has upon all the faculties of the mind, by keeping the understanding clear, the imagination untroubled, and refining those spirits that are necessary for the proper exertion of our intellectual faculties during the present laws of union between soul and body. It is to a neglect in this particular that we must ascribe the spleen which is so frequent in men of studious and sedentary tempers, as well as the vapors to which those of the other sex are so often subject.

Had not exercise been absolutely necessary for our well-being, nature would not have made the body so

proper for it, by giving such an activity to the limbs and such a pliancy to every part as necessarily produce those compressions, extensions, contortions, dilatations, and all other kinds of motions that are necessary for the preservation of such a system of tubes and glands as has been before mentioned. And that we might not want inducements to engage us in such an exercise of the body as is proper for its welfare, it is so ordered that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention riches and honor, even food and raiment are not to be come at without the toil of the hands and sweat of the brows. Providence furnishes materials, but expects that we should work them up ourselves. The earth must be labored before it gives its increase ; and when it is forced into its several products, how many hands must they pass through before they are fit for use ! Manufactures, trade, and agriculture naturally employ more than nineteen parts of the species in twenty ; and as for those who are not obliged to labor, by the condition in which they are born, they are more miserable than the rest of mankind unless they indulge themselves in that voluntary labor which goes by the name of exercise.

My friend Sir Roger has been an indefatigable man in business of this kind, and has hung several parts of his house with the trophies of his former labors. The walls of his great hall are covered with the horns of several kinds of deer that he has killed in the chase, which he thinks the most valuable furniture of his house, as they afford him frequent topics of discourse, and show that he has not been idle. At the lower end of the hall is a large otter's skin stuffed with hay, which his mother ordered to be hung up in that manner, and the knight looks upon it with great satisfaction, because it seems he was but nine years old when his dog killed him. A little room adjoin-

ing to the hall is a kind of arsenal filled with guns of several sizes and inventions, with which the knight has made great havoc in the woods, and destroyed many thousands of pheasants, partridges, and woodcocks. His stable doors are patched with noses that belonged to foxes of the knight's own hunting down. Sir Roger showed me one of them, that for distinction sake has a brass nail struck through it, which cost him about fifteen hours' riding, carried him through half a dozen counties, killed him a brace of geldings, and lost above half his dogs. This the knight looks upon as one of the greatest exploits of his life. The perverse widow, whom I have given some account of, was the death of several foxes; for Sir Roger has told me that in the course of his amours he patched the western door of his stable. Whenever the widow was cruel, the foxes were sure to pay for it. In proportion as his passion for the widow abated and old age came on, he left off fox-hunting; but a hare is not yet safe that sits within ten miles of his house.

There is no kind of exercise which I would so recommend to my readers of both sexes as this of riding, as there is none which so much conduces to health, and is every way accommodated to the body, according to the idea which I have given of it. Dr. Sydenham is very lavish in its praises; and if the English reader will see the mechanical effects of it described at length, he may find them in a book published not many years since, under the title of the "Medicina Gymnastica."

For my own part, when I am in town, for want of these opportunities I exercise myself an hour every morning upon a dumb-bell that is placed in a corner of my room, and pleases me the more because it does everything I require of it in the most profound silence. My landlady and her daughters are so well acquainted with my hours

of exercise, that they never come into my room to disturb me whilst I am ringing.

When I was some years younger than I am at present, I used to employ myself in a more laborious diversion, which I learned from a Latin treatise of exercises that is written with great erudition. It is there called the σκιομαχία, or the fighting with a man's own shadow, and consists in the brandishing of two short sticks grasped in each hand, and loaden with plugs of lead at either end. This opens the chest, exercises the limbs, and gives a man all the pleasure of boxing, without the blows. I could wish that several learned men would lay out that time which they employ in controversies and disputes about nothing, in this method of fighting with their own shadows. It might conduce very much to evaporate the spleen, which makes them uneasy to the public as well as to themselves.

To conclude, as I am a compound of soul and body, I consider myself as obliged to a double scheme of duties, and I think I have not fulfilled the business of the day when I do not thus employ the one in labor and exercise, as well as the other in study and contemplation. L.

XV. SIR ROGER GOES A-HUNTING.

No. 116.] Friday, July 13, 1711. [BUDGELL.

—— Vocat ingenti clamore Cithaeron,
Taygetique canes.

VIRG.

THOSE who have searched into human nature observe that nothing so much shows the nobleness of the soul as that its felicity consists in action. Every man has such an active principle in him that he will find out something

to employ himself upon, in whatever place or state of life he is posted. I have heard of a gentleman who was under close confinement in the Bastille seven years; during which time he amused himself in scattering a few small pins about his chamber, gathering them up again, and placing them in different figures on the arm of a great chair. He often told his friends afterwards, that unless he had found out this piece of exercise, he verily believed he should have lost his senses.

After what has been said, I need not inform my readers that Sir Roger, with whose character I hope they are at present pretty well acquainted, has in his youth gone through the whole course of those rural diversions which the country abounds in, and which seem to be extremely well suited to that laborious industry a man may observe here in a far greater degree than in towns and cities. I have before hinted at some of my friend's exploits: he has in his youthful days taken forty coveys of partridges in a season, and tired many a salmon with a line consisting but of a single hair. The constant thanks and good wishes of the neighborhood always attended him on account of his remarkable enmity towards foxes, having destroyed more of those vermin in one year than it was thought the whole country could have produced. Indeed, the knight does not scruple to own, among his most intimate friends, that in order to establish his reputation this way, he has secretly sent for great numbers of them out of other counties, which he used to turn loose about the country by night, that he might the better signalize himself in their destruction the next day. His hunting horses were the finest and best managed in all these parts: his tenants are still full of the praises of a gray stone-horse that unhappily staked himself several years since, and was buried with great solemnity in the orchard.

Sir Roger, being at present too old for fox-hunting, to keep himself in action has disposed of his beagles and got a pack of stop hounds. What these want in speed he endeavors to make amends for by the deepness of their mouths and the variety of their notes, which are suited in such manner to each other that the whole cry makes up a complete concert. He is so nice in this particular that a gentleman having made him a present of a very fine hound the other day, the knight returned it by the servant with a great many expressions of civility, but desired him to tell his master that the dog he had sent was indeed a most excellent bass, but that at present he only wanted a counter tenor. Could I believe my friend had ever read Shakespeare, I should certainly conclude he had taken the hint from Theseus, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream":—

> "My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
> So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
> With ears that sweep away the morning dew:
> Crook knee'd and dew lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
> Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouths, like bells,
> Each under each. A cry more tuneable
> Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn."

Sir Roger is so keen at this sport that he has been out almost every day since I came down; and upon the chaplain's offering to lend me his easy pad, I was prevailed on yesterday morning to make one of the company. I was extremely pleased, as we rid along, to observe the general benevolence of all the neighborhood towards my friend. The farmers' sons thought themselves happy if they could open a gate for the good old knight as he passed by; which he generally requited with a nod or a smile, and a kind inquiry after their fathers and uncles.

After we had rid about a mile from home, we came

upon a large heath, and the sportsmen began to beat. They had done so for some time, when, as I was at a little distance from the rest of the company, I saw a hare pop out from a small furze-brake almost under my horse's feet. I marked the way she took, which I endeavored to make the company sensible of by extending my arm; but to no purpose, till Sir Roger, who knows that none of my extraordinary motions are insignificant, rode up to me, and asked me if puss was gone that way. Upon my answering, "Yes," he immediately called in the dogs and put them upon the scent. As they were going off, I heard one of the country fellows muttering to his companion that 'twas a wonder they had not lost all their sport, for want of the silent gentleman's crying "Stole away!"

This, with my aversion to leaping hedges, made me withdraw to a rising ground, from whence I could have the picture of the whole chase, without the fatigue of keeping in with the hounds. The hare immediately threw them above a mile behind her; but I was pleased to find that instead of running straight forwards, or, in hunter's language, "flying the country," as I was afraid she might have done, she wheeled about, and described a sort of circle round the hill where I had taken my station, in such manner as gave me a very distinct view of the sport. I could see her first pass by, and the dogs some time afterwards unravelling the whole track she had made, and following her through all her doubles. I was at the same time delighted in observing that deference which the rest of the pack paid to each particular hound, according to the character he had acquired amongst them: if they were at fault, and an old hound of reputation opened but once, he was immediately followed by the whole cry; while a raw dog, or one who was a noted liar, might have yelped his heart out without being taken notice of.

The hare now, after having squatted two or three times, and been put up again as often, came still nearer to the place where she was at first started. The dogs pursued her, and these were followed by the jolly knight, who rode upon a white gelding, encompassed by his tenants and servants, and cheering his hounds with all the gaiety of five-and-twenty. One of the sportsmen rode up to me, and told me that he was sure the chase was almost at an end, because the old dogs, which had hitherto lain behind, now headed the pack. The fellow was in the right. Our hare took a large field just under us, followed by the full cry "in view." I must confess the brightness of the weather, the cheerfulness of everything around me, the chiding of the hounds, which was returned upon us in a double echo from two neighboring hills, with the hollowing of the sportsmen, and the sounding of the horn, lifted my spirits into a most lively pleasure, which I freely indulged because I was sure it was innocent. If I was under any concern, it was on the account of the poor hare, that was now quite spent, and almost within the reach of her enemies; when the huntsman, getting forward, threw down his pole before the dogs. They were now within eight yards of that game which they had been pursuing for almost as many hours; yet on the signal before mentioned, they all made a sudden stand, and though they continued opening as much as before, durst not once attempt to pass beyond the pole. At the same time Sir Roger rode forward, and, alighting, took up the hare in his arms, which he soon delivered up to one of his servants with an order, if she could be kept alive, to let her go in his great orchard, where it seems he has several of these prisoners of war, who live together in a very comfortable captivity. I was highly pleased to see the discipline of the pack, and the good-nature of the knight, who could

not find in his heart to murder a creature that had given him so much diversion.

As we were returning home I remembered that Monsieur Pascal, in his most excellent discourse on the "Misery of Man," tells us that all our endeavors after greatness proceed from nothing but a desire of being surrounded by a multitude of persons and affairs that may hinder us from looking into ourselves, which is a view we cannot bear. He afterwards goes on to show that our love of sports comes from the same reason, and is particularly severe upon hunting. "What," says he, "unless it be to drown thought, can make men throw away so much time and pains upon a silly animal, which they might buy cheaper in the market?" The foregoing reflection is certainly just when a man suffers his whole mind to be drawn into his sports, and altogether loses himself in the woods; but does not affect those who propose a far more laudable end from this exercise,—I mean, the preservation of health, and keeping all the organs of the soul in a condition to execute her orders. Had that incomparable person, whom I last quoted, been a little more indulgent to himself in this point, the world might probably have enjoyed him much longer; whereas through too great an application to his studies in his youth, he contracted that ill habit of body which, after a tedious sickness, carried him off in the fortieth year of his age; and the whole history we have of his life till that time, is but one continued account of the behavior of a noble soul struggling under innumerable pains and distempers.

For my own part, I intend to hunt twice a week during my stay with Sir Roger; and shall prescribe the moderate use of this exercise to all my country friends, as the best kind of physic for mending a bad constitution and preserving a good one.

I cannot do this better than in the following lines out of Mr. Dryden: —

"The first physicians by debauch were made;
Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade.
By chase our long-lived fathers earned their food;
Toil strung the nerves, and purified the blood;
But we their sons, a pamper'd race of men,
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend:
God never made his work for man to mend."

X.

XVI. A VILLAGE WITCH.

No. 117.] Saturday, July 14, 1711. [ADDISON.

Ipsi sibi somnia fingunt.
VIRG.

THERE are some opinions in which a man should stand neuter, without engaging his assent to one side or the other. Such a hovering faith as this, which refuses to settle upon any determination, is absolutely necessary to a mind that is careful to avoid errors and prepossessions. When the arguments press equally on both sides, in matters that are indifferent to us, the safest method is to give up ourselves to neither.

It is with this temper of mind that I consider the subject of witchcraft. When I hear the relations that are made from all parts of the world, — not only from Norway and Lapland, from the East and West Indies, but from every particular nation in Europe, — I cannot forbear thinking that there is such an intercourse and commerce with evil spirits as that which we express by the name of witchcraft. But when I consider that the ignorant and

credulous parts of the world abound most in these relations, and that the persons among us who are supposed to engage in such an infernal commerce are people of a weak understanding and a crazed imagination, and at the same time reflect upon the many impostures and delusions of this nature that have been detected in all ages, I endeavor to suspend my belief till I hear more certain accounts than any which have yet come to my knowledge. In short, when I consider the question whether there are such persons in the world as those we call witches, my mind is divided between the two opposite opinions; or rather, to speak my thoughts freely, I believe in general that there is, and has been, such a thing as witchcraft; but at the same time can give no credit to any particular instance of it.

I am engaged in this speculation by some occurrences that I met with yesterday, which I shall give my reader an account of at large. As I was walking with my friend Sir Roger by the side of one of his woods, an old woman applied herself to me for my charity. Her dress and figure put me in mind of the following description in Otway:

> "In a close lane as I pursued my journey,
> I spied a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,
> Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself.
> Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and red;
> Cold palsy shook her head; her hands seem'd wither'd;
> And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapp'd
> The tatter'd remnants of an old striped hanging,
> Which served to keep her carcase from the cold:
> So there was nothing of a piece about her.
> Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd
> With diff'rent color'd rags — black, red, white, yellow —
> And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness."

As I was musing on this description and comparing it with the object before me, the knight told me that this

very old woman had the reputation of a witch all over the country, that her lips were observed to be always in motion, and that there was not a switch about her house which her neighbors did not believe had carried her several hundreds of miles. If she chanced to stumble, they always found sticks or straws that lay in the figure of a cross before her. If she made any mistake at church, and cried "Amen" in a wrong place, they never failed to conclude that she was saying her prayer backwards. There was not a maid in the parish that would take a pin of her, though she would offer a bag of money with it. She goes by the name of Moll White, and has made the country ring with several imaginary exploits which are palmed upon her. If the dairy maid does not make her butter come so soon as she should have it, Moll White is at the bottom of the churn. If a horse sweats in the stable, Moll White has been upon his back. If a hare makes an unexpected escape from the hounds, the huntsman curses Moll White. "Nay," says Sir Roger, "I have known the master of the pack, upon such an occasion, send one of his servants to see if Moll White had been out that morning."

This account raised my curiosity so far that I begged my friend Sir Roger to go with me into her hovel, which stood in a solitary corner under the side of the wood. Upon our first entering, Sir Roger winked to me, and pointed at something that stood behind the door, which, upon looking that way, I found to be an old broomstaff. At the same time, he whispered me in the ear to take notice of a tabby cat that sat in the chimney-corner, which, as the old knight told me, lay under as bad a report as Moll White herself; for besides that Moll is said often to accompany her in the same shape, the cat is reported to have spoken twice or thrice in her life, and to have played several pranks above the capacity of an ordinary cat.

I was secretly concerned to see human nature in so much wretchedness and disgrace, but at the same time could not forbear smiling to hear Sir Roger, who is a little puzzled about the old woman, advising her, as a justice of peace, to avoid all communication with the devil, and never to hurt any of her neighbors' cattle. We concluded our visit with a bounty, which was very acceptable.

In our return home, Sir Roger told me that old Moll had been often brought before him for making children spit pins, and giving maids the nightmare; and that the country people would be tossing her into a pond and trying experiments with her every day, if it was not for him and his chaplain.

I have since found, upon inquiry, that Sir Roger was several times staggered with the reports that had been brought him concerning this old woman, and would frequently have bound her over to the county sessions had not his chaplain with much ado persuaded him to the contrary.

I have been the more particular in this account because I hear there is scarce a village in England that has not a Moll White in it. When an old woman begins to dote, and grow chargeable to a parish, she is generally turned into a witch, and fills the whole country with extravagant fancies, imaginary distempers, and terrifying dreams. In the mean time the poor wretch that is the innocent occasion of so many evils begins to be frighted at herself, and sometimes confesses secret commerce and familiarities that her imagination forms in a delirious old age. This frequently cuts off charity from the greatest objects of compassion, and inspires people with a malevolence towards those poor, decrepit parts of our species in whom human nature is defaced by infirmity and dotage.

L.

XVII. SIR ROGER'S REFLECTIONS ON THE WIDOW.

No. 118.] Monday, July 16, 1711. [STEELE.

Haeret lateri lethalis arundo.
VIRG.

THIS agreeable seat is surrounded with so many pleasing walks, which are struck out of a wood, in the midst of which the house stands, that one can hardly ever be weary of rambling from one labyrinth of delight to another. To one used to live in a city, the charms of the country are so exquisite that the mind is lost in a certain transport which raises us above ordinary life, and is yet not strong enough to be inconsistent with tranquillity. This state of mind was I in, ravished with the murmur of waters, the whisper of breezes, the singing of birds; and whether I looked up to the heavens, down on the earth, or turned to the prospects around me, still struck with new sense of pleasure; when I found, by the voice of my friend, who walked by me, that we had insensibly strolled into the grove sacred to the widow.

"This woman," says he, "is of all others the most unintelligible: she either designs to marry, or she does not. What is the most perplexing of all is that she doth not either say to her lovers she has any resolution against that condition of life in general, or that she banishes them; but, conscious of her own merit, she permits their addresses without fear of any ill consequence or want of respect from their rage or despair. A man whose thoughts are constantly bent upon so agreeable an object, must be excused if the ordinary occurrences in conversation are below his attention. I call her indeed perverse; but, alas! why do I call her so? Because her superior merit is such that I cannot approach her without awe, that my

heart is checked by too much esteem ; I am angry that her charms are not more accessible, that I am more inclined to worship than salute her. How often have I wished her unhappy that I might have an opportunity of serving her ; and how often troubled in that very imagination, at giving her the pain of being obliged! Well, I have led a miserable life in secret upon her account ; but fancy she would have condescended to have some regard for me if it had not been for that watchful animal, her confidante.

"Of all persons under the sun," continued he, calling me by my name, "be sure to set a mark upon confidantes ; they are of all people the most impertinent. What is most pleasant to observe in them is that they assume to themselves the merit of the persons whom they have in their custody. Orestilla is a great fortune, and in wonderful danger of surprises ; therefore full of suspicions of the least indifferent thing, particularly careful of new acquaintance, and of growing too familiar with the old. Themista, her favorite woman, is every whit as careful of whom she speaks to, and what she says. Let the ward be a beauty, her confidante shall treat you with an air of distance ; let her be a fortune, and she assumes the suspicious behavior of her friend and patroness. Thus it is that very many of our unmarried women of distinction are to all intents and purposes married, except the consideration of different sexes. They are directly under the conduct of their whisperer, and think they are in a state of freedom while they can prate with one of these attendants of all men in general, and still avoid the man they most like. You do not see one heiress in a hundred whose fate does not turn upon this circumstance of choosing a confidante. Thus it is that the lady is addressed to, presented, and flattered, only by proxy, in her woman. In my case, how is it possible that — "

Sir Roger was proceeding in his harangue, when we heard the voice of one speaking very importunately, and repeating these words: "What, not one smile?" We followed the sound till we came to a close thicket, on the other side of which we saw a young woman sitting as it were in a personated sullenness just over a transparent fountain. Opposite to her stood Mr. William, Sir Roger's master of the game. The knight whispered me, "Hist, these are lovers!" The huntsman, looking earnestly at the shadow of the young maiden in the stream: "O thou dear picture! if thou couldst remain there in the absence of that fair creature whom you represent in the water, how willingly could I stand here satisfied for ever, without troubling my dear Betty herself with any mention of her unfortunate William, whom she is angry with; but alas! when she pleases to be gone, thou wilt also vanish; — yet let me talk to thee while thou dost stay. Tell my dearest Betty thou dost not more depend upon her than does her William; her absence will make away with me as well as thee. If she offers to remove thee, I'll jump into these waves to lay hold on thee; herself, her own dear person, I must never embrace again. Still do you hear me without one smile? — it is too much to bear." He had no sooner spoke these words, but he made an offer of throwing himself into the water; at which his mistress started up, and at the next instant he jumped across the fountain and met her in an embrace. She, half recovering from her fright, said in the most charming voice imaginable, and with a tone of complaint, "I thought how well you would drown yourself. No, no, you won't drown yourself till you have taken your leave of Susan Holliday." The huntsman, with a tenderness that spoke the most passionate love, and with his cheek close to hers, whispered the softest vows of fidelity in her ear, and cried, "Don't, my

dear, believe a word Kate Willow says; she is spiteful and makes stories, because she loves to hear me talk to herself for your sake."

"Look you there," quoth Sir Roger, "do you see there, all mischief comes from confidantes! But let us not interrupt them; the maid is honest, and the man dares not be otherwise, for he knows I loved her father; I will interpose in this matter, and hasten the wedding. Kate Willow is a witty, mischievous wench in the neighborhood, who was a beauty; and makes me hope I shall see the perverse widow in her condition. She was so flippant with her answers to all the honest fellows that came near her, and so very vain of her beauty, that she has valued herself upon her charms till they are ceased. She therefore now makes it her business to prevent other young women from being more discreet than she was herself; however, the saucy thing said the other day well enough, 'Sir Roger and I must make a match, for we are both despised by those we loved.' The hussy has a great deal of power wherever she comes, and has her share of cunning.

"However, when I reflect upon this woman, I do not know whether, in the main, I am the worse for having loved her; whenever she is recalled to my imagination, my youth returns, and I feel a forgotten warmth in my veins. This affliction in my life has streaked all my conduct with a softness of which I should otherwise have been incapable. It is, perhaps, to this dear image in my heart owing, that I am apt to relent, that I easily forgive, and that many desirable things are grown into my temper which I should not have arrived at by better motives than the thought of being one day hers. I am pretty well satisfied such a passion as I have had is never well cured; and between you and me, I am often apt to imagine it

has had some whimsical effect upon my brain. For I frequently find that in my most serious discourse I let fall some comical familiarity of speech or odd phrase that makes the company laugh ; however, I cannot but allow she is a most excellent woman. When she is in the country, I warrant she does not run into dairies, but reads upon the nature of plants ; but has a glass hive, and comes into the garden out of books to see them work, and observe the policies of their commonwealth. She understands everything. I'd give ten pounds to hear her argue with my friend Sir Andrew Freeport about trade. No, no ; for all she looks so innocent, as it were, take my word for it, she is no fool." T.

XVIII. RURAL MANNERS.

No. 119.] Tuesday, July 17, 1711. [ADDISON.

> Urbem quam dicunt Romam, Meliboee, putavi
> Stultus ego huic nostrae similem ——.
>
> VIRG.

THE first and most obvious reflections which arise in a man who changes the city for the country, are upon the different manners of the people whom he meets with in those two different scenes of life. By manners I do not mean morals, but behavior and good breeding as they show themselves in the town and in the country.

And here, in the first place, I must observe a very great revolution that has happened in this article of good breeding. Several obliging deferences, condescensions, and submissions, with many outward forms and ceremonies that accompany them, were first of all brought up among the politer part of mankind, who lived in courts and cities, and distinguished themselves from the rustic part of the species — who on all occasions acted bluntly

and naturally — by such a mutual complaisance and intercourse of civilities. These forms of conversation by degrees multiplied and grew troublesome; the modish world found too great a constraint in them, and have therefore thrown most of them aside. Conversation was so encumbered with show and ceremony, that it stood in need of a reformation to retrench its superfluities, and restore it to its natural good sense and beauty. At present, therefore, an unconstrained carriage, and a certain openness of behavior are the height of good breeding. The fashionable world is grown free and easy; our manners sit more loose upon us. Nothing is so modish as an agreeable negligence. In a word, good breeding shows itself most where, to an ordinary eye, it appears the least.

If after this we look on the people of mode in the country, we find in them the manners of the last age. They have no sooner fetched themselves up to the fashion of the polite world but the town has dropped them, and are nearer to the first state of nature than to those refinements which formerly reigned in the court and still prevail in the country. One may now know a man that never conversed in the world by his excess of good breeding. A polite country squire shall make you as many bows in half an hour as would serve a courtier for a week. There is infinitely more to do about place and precedency in a meeting of justices' wives than in an assembly of duchesses.

This rural politeness is very troublesome to a man of my temper, who generally take the chair that is next me, and walk first or last, in the front or in the rear, as chance directs. I have known my friend Sir Roger's dinner almost cold before the company could adjust the ceremonial, and be prevailed upon to sit down; and have

heartily pitied my old friend, when I have seen him forced to pick and cull his guests, as they sat at the several parts of his table, that he might drink their healths according to their respective ranks and qualities. Honest Will Wimble, who I should have thought had been altogether uninfected with ceremony, gives me abundance of trouble in this particular. Though he has been fishing all the morning, he will not help himself at dinner till I am served. When we are going out of the hall, he runs behind me; and last night, as we were walking in the fields, stopped short at a stile till I came up to it, and upon my making signs to him to get over, told me, with a serious smile, that, sure, I believed they had no manners in the country.

There has happened another revolution in the point of good breeding, which relates to the conversation among men of mode, and which I cannot but look upon as very extraordinary. It was certainly one of the first distinctions of a well-bred man to express everything that had the most remote appearance of being obscene in modest terms and distant phrases; whilst the clown, who had no such delicacy of conception and expression, clothed his ideas in most plain, homely terms that are the most obvious and natural. This kind of good manners was perhaps carried to an excess, so as to make conversation too stiff, formal, and precise; for which reason (as hypocrisy in one age is generally succeeded by atheism in another), conversation is in a great measure relapsed into the first extreme; so that at present several of our men of the town, and particularly those who have been polished in France, make use of the most coarse, uncivilized words in our language, and utter themselves often in such a manner as a clown would blush to hear.

This infamous piece of good breeding which reigns

among the coxcombs of the town has not yet made its way into the country; and as it is impossible for such an irrational way of conversation to last long among a people that make any profession of religion, or show of modesty, if the country gentlemen get into it they will certainly be left in the lurch. Their good breeding will come too late to them, and they will be thought a parcel of lewd clowns, while they fancy themselves talking together like men of wit and pleasure.

As the two points of good breeding which I have hitherto insisted upon regard behavior and conversation, there is a third which turns upon dress. In this, too, the country are very much behindhand. The rural beaus are not yet got out of the fashion that took place at the time of the Revolution, but ride about the country in red coats and laced hats, while the women in many parts are still trying to outvie one another in the height of their head-dresses.

But a friend of mine, who is now upon the western circuit, having promised to give me an account of the several modes and fashions that prevail in the different parts of the nation through which he passes, I shall defer the enlarging upon this last topic till I have received a letter from him, which I expect every post. L.

The first part of *Spectator*, No. 120. [ADDISON.

My friend Sir Roger is very often merry with me upon my passing so much of my time among his poultry. He has caught me twice or thrice looking after a bird's nest, and several times sitting an hour or two together near an hen and chickens. He tells me he believes I am personally acquainted with every fowl about his house; calls such a particular cock my favorite, and frequently complains that his ducks and geese have more of my company than himself.

I must confess I am infinitely delighted with those speculations of nature which are to be made in a country life; and as my reading has very much lain among books of natural history, I cannot forbear recollecting upon this occasion the several remarks which I have met with in authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own observation: the arguments for Providence drawn from the natural history of animals being, in my opinion, demonstrative.

XIX. SIR ROGER AT THE ASSIZES.

No. 122.] Friday, July 20, 1711. [Addison.

Comes iucundus in via pro vehiculo est.
Publ. Syr.

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world. If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applauses of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct when the verdict which he passes upon his own behavior is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind in the returns of affection and good will which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighborhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shown to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the county assizes. As we were upon the road, Will Wimble joined a couple of

plain men who rid before us, and conversed with them for some time ; during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

"The first of them," says he, "that has a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about an hundred pounds a year, an honest man. He is just within the Game Act and qualified to kill an hare or a pheasant. He knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week ; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbor if he did not destroy so many partridges ; in short, he is a very sensible man, shoots flying, and has been several times foreman of the petty jury.

"The other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for taking the law of everybody. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the widow. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments ; he plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it enclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution. His father left him fourscore pounds a year, but he has cast and been cast so often that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow tree."

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will Wimble and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will told him that Mr. Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will, it seems, had been giving his fellow-traveller an account of his angling one day in such a hole ; when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr. Such-an-one, if he pleased, might take the law

of him for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir Roger heard them both, upon a round trot; and, after having paused some time, told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that much might be said on both sides. They were neither of them dissatisfied with the knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it. Upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The court was sat before Sir Roger came; but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them; who, for his reputation in the country, took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear that he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit. I was listening to the proceeding of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance and solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws, when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed, to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising, the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people that Sir Roger was up. The speech he made was so little to the purpose that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country.

I was highly delighted, when the court rose, to see the gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a

distance, not a little admiring his courage, that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident, which I cannot forbear relating, because it shows how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the knight's family; and, to do honor to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door; so that the knight's head had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew anything of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good-will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honor for any man under a duke; but told him at the same time that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter, by the knight's directions, to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation to the features to change it into the Saracen's Head. I should not have known this story had not the innkeeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing that his honor's head was brought back last night with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this, my friend, with his usual cheerfulness, related the particulars above mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made

to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but upon the knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied that much might be said on both sides.

These several adventures, with the knight's behavior in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels. L.

XX. THE EDUCATION OF AN HEIR.

No. 123.] Saturday, July 21, 1711. [ADDISON.

Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant:
Utcunque defecere mores,
Dedecorant bene nata culpae.

HOR.

As I was yesterday taking the air with my friend Sir Roger, we were met by a fresh-colored, ruddy young man, who rid by us full speed, with a couple of servants behind him. Upon my inquiry who he was, Sir Roger told me that he was a young gentleman of a considerable estate, who had been educated by a tender mother, that lives not many miles from the place where we were. She is a very good lady, says my friend, but took so much care of her son's health, that she has made him good for nothing. She quickly found that reading was bad for his eyes, and that writing made his head ache. He was let loose among the woods as soon as he was able to ride on horseback, or to carry a gun upon his shoulder. To be brief,

I found by my friend's account of him, that he had got a great stock of health, but nothing else; and that, if it were a man's business only to live, there would not be a more accomplished young fellow in the whole country. The truth of it is, since my residing in these parts I have seen and heard innumerable instances of young heirs and elder brothers who — either from their own reflecting upon the estates they are born to, and therefore thinking all other accomplishments unnecessary; or from hearing these notions frequently inculcated to them by the flattery of their servants and domestics; or from the same foolish thought prevailing in those who have the care of their education — are of no manner of use but to keep up their families, and transmit their lands and houses in a line to posterity.

This makes me often think on a story I have heard of two friends, which I shall give my reader at large under feigned names. The moral of it may, I hope, be useful, though there are some circumstances which make it rather appear like a novel than a true story.

Eudoxus and Leontine began the world with small estates. They were both of them men of good sense and great virtue. They prosecuted their studies together in their earlier years, and entered into such a friendship as lasted to the end of their lives. Eudoxus, at his first setting out in the world, threw himself into a court, where by his natural endowments and his acquired abilities he made his way from one post to another, till at length he had raised a very considerable fortune. Leontine, on the contrary, sought all opportunities of improving his mind by study, conversation, and travel. He was not only acquainted with all the sciences, but with the most eminent professors of them throughout Europe. He knew perfectly well the interests of its princes, with the customs

and fashions of their courts, and could scarce meet with the name of an extraordinary person in the *Gazette* whom he had not either talked to or seen. In short, he had so well mixed and digested his knowledge of men and books, that he made one of the most accomplished persons of his age. During the whole course of his studies and travels, he kept up a punctual correspondence with Eudoxus, who often made himself acceptable to the principal men about court by the intelligence which he received from Leontine. When they were both turned of forty, — an age in which, according to Mr. Cowley, "there is no dallying with life," — they determined, pursuant to the resolution they had taken in the beginning of their lives, to retire, and pass the remainder of their days in the country. In order to this, they both of them married much about the same time. Leontine, with his own and his wife's fortune, bought a farm of three hundred a year, which lay within the neighborhood of his friend Eudoxus, who had purchased an estate of as many thousands. They were both of them fathers about the same time; Eudoxus having a son born to him, and Leontine a daughter: but, to the unspeakable grief of the latter, his young wife, in whom all his happiness was wrapt up, died in a few days after the birth of her daughter. His affliction would have been insupportable had not he been comforted by the daily visits and conversations of his friend. As they were one day talking together with their usual intimacy, Leontine considering how incapable he was of giving his daughter a proper education in his own house, and Eudoxus reflecting on the ordinary behavior of a son who knows himself to be the heir of a great estate, they both agreed upon an exchange of children: namely, that the boy should be bred up with Leontine as his son, and that the girl should live with Eudoxus as his daughter,

till they were each of them arrived at years of discretion. The wife of Eudoxus, knowing that her son could not be so advantageously brought up as under the care of Leontine, and considering at the same time that he would be perpetually under her own eye, was by degrees prevailed upon to fall in with the project. She therefore took Leonilla, for that was the name of the girl, and educated her as her own daughter. The two friends on each side had wrought themselves to such an habitual tenderness for the children who were under their direction, that each of them had the real passion of a father, where the title was but imaginary. Florio, the name of the young heir that lived with Leontine, though he had all the duty and affection imaginable for his supposed parent, was taught to rejoice at the sight of Eudoxus, who visited his friend very frequently, and was dictated by his natural affection, as well as by the rules of prudence, to make himself esteemed and beloved by Florio. The boy was now old enough to know his supposed father's circumstances, and that therefore he was to make his way in the world by his own industry. This consideration grew stronger in him every day, and produced so good an effect that he applied himself with more than ordinary attention to the pursuit of everything which Leontine recommended to him. His natural abilities, which were very good, assisted by the directions of so excellent a counsellor, enabled him to make a quicker progress than ordinary through all the parts of his education. Before he was twenty years of age, having finished his studies and exercises with great applause, he was removed from the university to the Inns of Court, where there are very few that make themselves considerable proficients in the studies of the place who know they shall arrive at great estates without them. This was not Florio's case: he found that three

hundred a year was but a poor estate for Leontine and himself to live upon, so that he studied without intermission till he gained a very good insight into the constitution and laws of his country.

I should have told my reader, that whilst Florio lived at the house of his foster-father, he was always an acceptable guest in the family of Eudoxus, where he became acquainted with Leonilla from her infancy. His acquaintance with her by degrees grew into love, which in a mind trained up in all the sentiments of honor and virtue became a very uneasy passion. He despaired of gaining an heiress of so great a fortune, and would rather have died than attempted it by any indirect methods. Leonilla, who was a woman of the greatest beauty joined with the greatest modesty, entertained at the same time a secret passion for Florio, but conducted herself with so much prudence that she never gave him the least intimation of it. Florio was now engaged in all those arts and improvements that are proper to raise a man's private fortune, and give him a figure in his country, but secretly tormented with that passion which burns with the greatest fury in a virtuous and noble heart, when he received a sudden summons from Leontine to repair to him into the country the next day. For it seems Eudoxus was so filled with the report of his son's reputation that he could no longer withhold making himself known to him. The morning after his arrival at the house of his supposed father, Leontine told him that Eudoxus had something of great importance to communicate to him; upon which the good man embraced him and wept. Florio was no sooner arrived at the great house that stood in his neighborhood but Eudoxus took him by the hand, after the first salutes were over, and conducted him into his closet. He there opened to him the whole secret of his parentage and edu-

cation, concluding after this manner: "I have no other way left of acknowledging my gratitude to Leontine than by marrying you to his daughter. He shall not lose the pleasure of being your father by the discovery I have made to you. Leonilla, too, shall be still my daughter; her filial piety, though misplaced, has been so exemplary that it deserves the greatest reward I can confer upon it. You shall have the pleasure of seeing a great estate fall to you, which you would have lost the relish of had you known yourself born to it. Continue only to deserve it in the same manner you did before you were possessed of it. I have left your mother in the next room. Her heart yearns towards you. She is making the same discoveries to Leonilla which I have made to yourself." Florio was so overwhelmed with this profusion of happiness that he was not able to make a reply, but threw himself down at his father's feet, and amidst a flood of tears kissed and embraced his knees, asking his blessing, and expressing in dumb show those sentiments of love, duty, and gratitude that were too big for utterance. To conclude, the happy pair were married, and half Eudoxus's estate settled upon them. Leontine and Eudoxus passed the remainder of their lives together; and received in the dutiful and affectionate behavior of Florio and Leonilla the just recompense, as well as the natural effects, of that care which they had bestowed upon them in their education. L.

XXI. MISCHIEFS OF PARTY SPIRIT.

No. 125.] Tuesday, July 24, 1711. [ADDISON.

> Ne pueri, ne tanta animis assuescite bella:
> Neu patriae validas in viscera vertite vires.
>
> VIRG.

My worthy friend, Sir Roger, when we are talking of the malice of parties, very frequently tells us an accident that happened to him when he was a schoolboy, which was at a time when the feuds ran high between the Roundheads and Cavaliers. This worthy knight, being then but a stripling, had occasion to inquire which was the way to St. Anne's Lane; upon which the person whom he spoke to, instead of answering his question, called him a young popish cur, and asked him who had made Anne a saint! The boy, being in some confusion, inquired of the next he met, which was the way to Anne's Lane; but was called a prick-eared cur for his pains, and instead of being shown the way, was told that she had been a saint before he was born, and would be one after he was hanged. "Upon this," says Sir Roger, "I did not think fit to repeat the former question, but going into every lane of the neighborhood, asked what they called the name of that lane." By which ingenious artifice, he found out the place he inquired after without giving offence to any party. Sir Roger generally closes this narrative with reflections on the mischief that parties do in the country; how they spoil good neighborhood, and make honest gentlemen hate one another; besides that they manifestly tend to the prejudice of the land-tax, and the destruction of the game.

There cannot a greater judgment befall a country than such a dreadful spirit of division as rends a government into two distinct people, and makes them greater strangers and more averse to one another than if they were

actually two different nations. The effects of such a division are pernicious to the last degree, not only with regard to those advantages which they give the common enemy, but to those private evils which they produce in the heart of almost every particular person. This influence is very fatal both to men's morals and their understandings; it sinks the virtue of a nation, and not only so, but destroys even common sense.

A furious party spirit, when it rages in its full violence, exerts itself in civil war and bloodshed; and when it is under its greatest restraints naturally breaks out in falsehood, detraction, calumny, and a partial administration of justice. In a word, it fills a nation with spleen and rancor, and extinguishes all the seeds of good-nature, compassion, and humanity.

Plutarch says, very finely, that a man should not allow himself to hate even his enemies; — "Because," says he, "if you indulge this passion in some occasions, it will rise of itself in others; if you hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or those who are indifferent to you." I might here observe how admirably this precept of morality — which derives the malignity of hatred from the passion itself, and not from its object — answers to that great rule which was dictated to the world about an hundred years before this philosopher wrote; but instead of that, I shall only take notice, with a real grief of heart, that the minds of many good men among us appear soured with party principles, and alienated from one another in such a manner as seems to me altogether inconsistent with the dictates either of reason or religion. Zeal for a public cause is apt to breed passions in the hearts of virtuous persons to which the regard of their own private interest would never have betrayed them.

If this party spirit has so ill an effect on our morals, it has likewise a very great one upon our judgments. We often hear a poor, insipid paper or pamphlet cried up, and sometimes a noble piece depreciated, by those who are of a different principle from the author. One who is actuated by this spirit is almost under an incapacity of discerning either real blemishes or beauties. A man of merit in a different principle, is like an object seen in two different mediums, that appears crooked or broken, however straight or entire it may be in itself. For this reason, there is scarce a person of any figure in England who does not go by two contrary characters, as opposite to one another as light and darkness. Knowledge and learning suffer in a particular manner from this strange prejudice, which at present prevails amongst all ranks and degrees in the British nation. As men formerly became eminent in learned societies by their parts and acquisitions, they now distinguish themselves by the warmth and violence with which they espouse their respective parties. Books are valued upon the like consideration : an abusive, scurrilous style passes for satire, and a dull scheme of party notions is called fine writing.

There is one piece of sophistry practiced by both sides; and that is the taking any scandalous story that has been ever whispered or invented of a private man, for a known, undoubted truth, and raising suitable speculations upon it. Calumnies that have been never proved, or have been often refuted, are the ordinary *postulatums* of these infamous scribblers, upon which they proceed as upon first principles granted by all men, though in their hearts they know they are false, or at best very doubtful. When they have laid these foundations of scurrility, it is no wonder that their superstructure is every way answerable to them. If this shameless practice of the present age endures much

longer, praise and reproach will cease to be motives of action in good men.

There are certain periods of time in all governments when this inhuman spirit prevails. Italy was long torn in pieces by the Guelphs and Ghibellines, and France by those who were for and against the League; but it is very unhappy for a man to be born in such a stormy and tempestuous season. It is the restless ambition of artful men that thus breaks a people into factions, and draws several well-meaning persons to their interest by a specious concern for their country. How many honest minds are filled with uncharitable and barbarous notions, out of their zeal for the public good! What cruelties and outrages would they not commit against men of an adverse party, whom they would honor and esteem, if, instead of considering them as they are represented, they knew them as they are! Thus are persons of the greatest probity seduced into shameful errors and prejudices, and made bad men even by that noblest of principles, the "love of their country." I cannot here forbear mentioning the famous Spanish proverb, "If there were neither fools nor knaves in the world, all people would be of one mind."

For my own part, I could heartily wish that all honest men would enter into an association for the support of one another against the endeavors of those whom they ought to look upon as their common enemies, whatsoever side they may belong to. Were there such an honest body of neutral forces, we should never see the worst of men in great figures of life, because they are useful to a party; nor the best unregarded, because they are above practicing those methods which would be grateful to their faction. We should then single every criminal out of the herd, and hunt him down, however formidable and overgrown he might appear: on the contrary, we should

shelter distressed innocence, and defend virtue, however beset with contempt or ridicule, envy, or defamation. In short, we should not any longer regard our fellow subjects as Whigs or Tories, but should make the man of merit our friend, and the villain our enemy. C.

XXII. MISCHIEFS OF PARTY SPIRIT. — *Continued.*

No. 126.] Wednesday, July 25, 1711. [ADDISON.

Tros Rutulusve fuat, nullo discrimine habebo.
VIRG.

IN my yesterday's paper, I proposed that the honest men of all parties should enter into a kind of association for the defence of one another, and the confusion of their common enemies. As it is designed this neutral body should act with a regard to nothing but truth and equity, and divest themselves of the little heats and prepossessions that cleave to parties of all kinds, I have prepared for them the following form of an association, which may express their intentions in the most plain and simple manner:

We whose names are hereunto subscribed, do solemnly declare that we do in our consciences believe two and two make four; and that we shall adjudge any man whatsoever to be our enemy who endeavors to persuade us to the contrary. We are likewise ready to maintain, with the hazard of all that is near and dear to us, that six is less than seven in all times and all places, and that ten will not be more three years hence than it is at present. We do also firmly declare that it is our resolution as long as we live to call black black, and white white; and we shall upon all occasions oppose such persons that upon any day of the year shall call black white, or white black, with the umost peril of our lives and fortunes.

Were there such a combination of honest men, who without any regard to places would endeavor to extirpate

all such furious zealots as would sacrifice one half of their country to the passion and interest of the other; as also such infamous hypocrites that are for promoting their own advantage under color of the public good; with all the profligate, immoral retainers to each side, that have nothing to recommend them but an implicit submission to their leaders; — we should soon see that furious party spirit extinguished, which may in time expose us to the derision and contempt of all the nations about us.

A member of this society that would thus carefully employ himself in making room for merit, by throwing down the worthless and depraved part of mankind from those conspicuous stations of life to which they have been sometimes advanced, and all this without any regard to his private interest, would be no small benefactor to his country.

I remember to have read in Diodorus Siculus an account of a very active little animal, which I think he calls the ichneumon, that makes it the whole business of his life to break the eggs of the crocodile, which he is always in search after. This instinct is the more remarkable because the ichneumon never feeds upon the eggs he has broken, nor in any other way finds his account in them. Were it not for the incessant labors of this industrious animal, Egypt, says the historian, would be overrun with crocodiles; for the Egyptians are so far from destroying those pernicious creatures that they worship them as gods.

If we look into the behavior of ordinary partisans, we shall find them far from resembling this disinterested animal, and rather acting after the example of the wild Tartars, who are ambitious of destroying a man of the most extraordinary parts and accomplishments, as thinking that upon his decease the same talents, whatever post they qualified him for, enter of course into his destroyer.

As in the whole train of my speculations I have endeavored, as much as I am able, to extinguish that pernicious spirit of passion and prejudice which rages with the same violence in all parties, I am still the more desirous of doing some good in this particular because I observe that the spirit of party reigns more in the country than in the town. It here contracts a kind of brutality and rustic fierceness to which men of a politer conversation are wholly strangers. It extends itself even to the return of the bow and the hat; and at the same time that the heads of parties preserve toward one another an outward show of good breeding, and keep up a perpetual intercourse of civilities, their tools that are dispersed in these outlying parts will not so much as mingle together at a cock-match. This humor fills the country with several periodical meetings of Whig jockeys and Tory fox hunters, not to mention the innumerable curses, frowns, and whispers it produces at a quarter sessions.

I do not know whether I have observed, in any of my former papers, that my friends Sir Roger de Coverley and Sir Andrew Freeport are of different principles; the first of them inclined to the landed, and the other to the moneyed interest. This humor is so moderate in each of them that it proceeds no farther than to an agreeable raillery, which very often diverts the rest of the club. I find, however, that the knight is a much stronger Tory in the country than in town, which, as he has told me in my ear, is absolutely necessary for the keeping up his interest. In all our journey from London to his house, we did not so much as bait at a Whig inn; or if by chance the coachman stopped at a wrong place, one of Sir Roger's servants would ride up to his master full speed, and whisper to him that the master of the house was against such an one in the last election. This often betrayed us into hard

beds and bad cheer; for we were not so inquisitive about the inn as the innkeeper; and provided our landlord's principles were sound, did not take any notice of the staleness of his provisions. This I found still the more inconvenient because the better the host was, the worse generally were his accommodations; the fellow knowing very well that those who were his friends would take up with coarse diet and an hard lodging. For these reasons, all the while I was upon the road I dreaded entering into an house of any one that Sir Roger had applauded for an honest man.

Since my stay at Sir Roger's in the country, I daily find more instances of this narrow party humor. Being upon a bowling green at a neighboring market town the other day (for that is the place where the gentlemen of one side meet once a week), I observed a stranger among them of a better presence and genteeler behavior than ordinary; but was much surprised that, notwithstanding he was a very fair better, nobody would take him up. But upon inquiry, I found that he was one who had given a disagreeable vote in a former parliament, for which reason there was not a man upon that bowling green who would have so much correspondence with him as to win his money of him.

Among other instances of this nature, I must not omit one which concerns myself. Will Wimble was the other day relating several strange stories, that he had picked up, nobody knows where, of a certain great man; and upon my staring at him, as one that was surprised to hear such things in the country, which had never been so much as whispered in the town, Will stopped short in the thread of his discourse, and after dinner asked my friend Sir Roger in his ear if he was sure that I was not a fanatic.

It gives me a serious concern to see such a spirit of

dissension in the country; not only as it destroys virtue and common sense, and renders us in a manner barbarians towards one another, but as it perpetuates our animosities, widens our breaches, and transmits our present passions and prejudices to our posterity. For my own part, I am sometimes afraid that I discover the seeds of a civil war in these our divisions, and therefore cannot but bewail, as in their first principles, the miseries and calamities of our children. C.

The first part of *Spectator*, No. 127. [ADDISON.

IT is our custom at Sir Roger's, upon the coming in of the post, to sit about a pot of coffee, and hear the old knight read Dyer's *Letter;* which he does with spectacles upon his nose, and in an audible voice, smiling very often at those little strokes of satire which are so frequent in the writings of that author. I afterwards communicate to the knight such packets as I receive under the quality of Spectator. The following letter chancing to please him more than ordinary, I shall publish it at his request.

XXIII. GYPSIES AT COVERLEY.

No. 130.] Monday, July 30, 1711. [ADDISON.

Semperque recentes
Convectare juvat praedas, et vivere rapto.
VIRG.

As I was yesterday riding out in the fields with my friend Sir Roger, we saw at a little distance from us a troop of gypsies. Upon the first discovery of them, my friend was in some doubt whether he should not exert the justice of the peace upon such a band of lawless vagrants; but not having his clerk with him, who is a necessary counsellor on these occasions, and fearing that his poultry

might fare the worse for it, he let the thought drop; but at the same time gave me a particular account of the mischiefs they do in the country, in stealing people's goods and spoiling their servants. "If a stray piece of linen hangs upon an hedge," says Sir Roger, "they are sure to have it; if the hog loses his way in the fields, it is ten to one but he becomes their prey; our geese cannot live in peace for them; if a man prosecutes them with severity, his henroost is sure to pay for it. They generally straggle into these parts about this time of the year, and set the heads of our servant-maids so agog for husbands that we do not expect to have any business done as it should be whilst they are in the country. I have an honest dairy-maid who crosses their hands with a piece of silver every summer, and never fails being promised the handsomest young fellow in the parish for her pains. Your friend, the butler, has been fool enough to be seduced by them; and, though he is sure to lose a knife, a fork, or a spoon, every time his fortune is told him, generally shuts himself up in the pantry with an old gypsy for above half an hour once in a twelvemonth. Sweethearts are the things they live upon, which they bestow very plentifully upon all those that apply themselves to them. You see, now and then, some handsome young jades among them; the [wenches] have very often white teeth and black eyes."

Sir Roger, observing that I listened with great attention to his account of a people who were so entirely new to me, told me that if I would they should tell us our fortunes. As I was very well pleased with the knight's proposal, we rid up and communicated our hands to them. A Cassandra of the crew, after having examined my lines very diligently, told me that I loved a pretty maid in a corner; that I was a good woman's man; with some other particulars which I do not think proper to relate.

My friend Sir Roger alighted from his horse, and exposing his palm to two or three that stood by him, they crumpled it into all shapes, and diligently scanned every wrinkle that could be made in it; when one of them, who was older and more sunburnt than the rest, told him that he had a widow in his line of life; upon which the knight cried, "Go, go, you are an idle baggage!" and at the same time smiled upon me. The gypsy, finding he was not displeased in his heart, told him, after a farther inquiry into his hand, that his true love was constant, and that she should dream of him to-night. My old friend cried "Pish!" and bid her go on. The gypsy told him that he was a bachelor, but would not be so long; and that he was dearer to somebody than he thought. The knight still repeated she was an idle baggage, and bid her go on. "Ah, master," says the gypsy, "that roguish leer of yours makes a pretty woman's heart ache; you ha'n't that simper about the mouth for nothing —." The uncouth gibberish with which all this was uttered, like the darkness of an oracle, made us the more attentive to it. To be short, the knight left the money with her that he had crossed her hand with, and got up again on his horse.

As we were riding away, Sir Roger told me that he knew several sensible people who believed these gypsies now and then foretold very strange things; and for half an hour together appeared more jocund than ordinary. In the height of his good humor, meeting a common beggar upon the road who was no conjurer, as he went to relieve him, he found his pocket was picked; that being a kind of palmistry at which this race of vermin are very dextrous.

I might here entertain my reader with historical remarks on this idle, profligate people, who infest all the countries of Europe, and live in the midst of governments

in a kind of commonwealth by themselves. But instead of entering into observations of this nature, I shall fill the remaining part of my paper with a story which is still fresh in Holland, and was printed in one of our monthly accounts about twenty years ago :

"As the *trekschuyt*, or hackney boat, which carries passengers from Leyden to Amsterdam, was putting off, a boy running along the side of the canal desired to be taken in ; which the master of the boat refused, because the lad had not quite money enough to pay the usual fare. An eminent merchant, being pleased with the looks of the boy and secretly touched with compassion towards him, paid the money for him, and ordered him to be taken on board.

"Upon talking with him afterwards, he found that he could speak readily in three or four languages, and learned upon farther examination that he had been stolen away when he was a child, by a gypsy, and had rambled ever since with a gang of those strollers up and down several parts of Europe. It happened that the merchant, whose heart seems to have inclined towards the boy by a secret kind of instinct, had himself lost a child some years before. The parents, after a long search for him, gave him for drowned in one of the canals with which that country abounds ; and the mother was so afflicted at the loss of a fine boy, who was her only son, that she died for grief of it.

"Upon laying together all particulars, and examining the several moles and marks by which the mother used to describe the child when he was first missing, the boy proved to be the son of the merchant whose heart had so unaccountably melted at the sight of him. The lad was very well pleased to find a father who was so rich, and likely to leave him a good estate : the father, on the other hand, was not a little delighted to see a son return to him, whom he had given for lost, with such a strength of constitution, sharpness of understanding, and skill in languages."

Here the printed story leaves off ; but if I may give credit to reports, our linguist having received such extraor-

dinary rudiments towards a good education, was afterwards trained up in everything that becomes a gentleman; wearing off by little and little all the vicious habits and practices that he had been used to in the course of his peregrinations. Nay, it is said that he has since been employed in foreign courts upon national business, with great reputation to himself and honor to those who sent him, and that he has visited several countries as a public minister, in which he formerly wandered as a gypsy.

C.

XXIV. THE SPECTATOR LOOKS TOWARD LONDON.

No. 131.] Tuesday, July 31, 1711. [ADDISON.

Ipsae rursum concedite silvae.
VIRG.

IT is usual for a man who loves country sports to preserve the game in his own grounds, and divert himself upon those that belong to his neighbor. My friend Sir Roger generally goes two or three miles from his house, and gets into the frontiers of his estate, before he beats about in search of a hare or partridge, on purpose to spare his own fields, where he is always sure of finding diversion when the worst comes to the worst. By this means the breed about his house has time to increase and multiply; besides that the sport is the more agreeable where the game is the harder to come at, and where it does not lie so thick as to produce any perplexity or confusion in the pursuit. For these reasons the country gentleman, like the fox, seldom preys near his own home.

In the same manner I have made a month's excursion out of the town, which is the great field of game for sportsmen of my species, to try my fortune in the country, where I have started several subjects and hunted them down,

with some pleasure to myself, and I hope to others. I am here forced to use a great deal of diligence before I can spring anything to my mind; whereas in town, whilst I am following one character, it is ten to one but I am crossed in my way by another, and put up such a variety of odd creatures in both sexes that they foil the scent of one another, and puzzle the chase. My greatest difficulty in the country is to find sport, and, in town, to choose it. In the meantime, as I have given a whole month's rest to the cities of London and Westminster, I promise myself abundance of new game upon my return thither.

It is indeed high time for me to leave the country, since I find the whole neighborhood begin to grow very inquisitive after my name and character; my love of solitude, taciturnity, and particular way of life, having raised a great curiosity in all these parts.

The notions which have been framed of me are various: some look upon me as very proud, some as very modest, and some as very melancholy. Will Wimble, as my friend the butler tells me, observing me very much alone, and extremely silent when I am in company, is afraid I have killed a man. The country people seem to suspect me for a conjurer; and, some of them hearing of the visit which I made to Moll White, will needs have it that Sir Roger has brought down a cunning man with him, to cure the old woman, and free the country from her charms. So that the character which I go under in part of the neighborhood, is what they here call a "White Witch."

A justice of the peace, who lives about five miles off, and is not of Sir Roger's party, has, it seems, said twice or thrice at his table that he wishes Sir Roger does not harbor a Jesuit in his house, and that he thinks the gentlemen of the country would do very well to make me give some account of myself.

On the other side, some of Sir Roger's friends are afraid the old knight is imposed upon by a designing fellow, and as they have heard that he converses very promiscuously when he is in town, do not know but he has brought down with him some discarded Whig, that is sullen and says nothing because he is out of place.

Such is the variety of opinions which are here entertained of me, so that I pass among some for a disaffected person, and among others for a popish priest; among some for a wizard, and among others for a murderer: and all this for no other reason, that I can imagine, but because I do not hoot and hollow and make a noise. It is true my friend Sir Roger tells them, that it is my way, and that I am only a philosopher; but this will not satisfy them. They think there is more in me than he discovers, and that I do not hold my tongue for nothing.

For these and other reasons I shall set out for London to-morrow, having found by experience that the country is not a place for a person of my temper, who does not love jollity, and what they call "good neighborhood." A man that is out of humor when an unexpected guest breaks in upon him, and does not care for sacrificing an afternoon to every chance comer; that will be the master of his own time and the pursuer of his own inclinations; makes but a very unsociable figure in this kind of life. I shall therefore retire into the town, if I may make use of that phrase, and get into the crowd again as fast as I can, in order to be alone. I can there raise what speculations I please upon others without being observed myself, and at the same time enjoy all the advantages of company with all the privileges of solitude. In the meanwhile, to finish the month, and conclude these my rural speculations, I shall here insert a letter from my friend Will Honeycomb, who has not lived a month for these forty years out of the

smoke of London, and rallies me after his way upon my country life.

"Dear Spec, — I suppose this letter will find thee picking of daisies, or smelling to a lock of hay, or passing away thy time in some innocent country diversion of the like nature. I have, however, orders from the club to summon thee up to town, being all of us cursedly afraid thou wilt not be able to relish our company after thy conversations with Moll White and Will Wimble. Pr'ythee don't send us up any more stories of a cock and a bull, nor frighten the town with spirits and witches. Thy speculations begin to smell confoundedly of woods and meadows. If thou dost not come up quickly, we shall conclude that thou art in love with one of Sir Roger's dairy-maids. Service to the knight. Sir Andrew is grown the cock of the club since he left us, and if he does not return quickly will make every mother's son of us Commonwealth's men.

"Dear Spec, thine eternally,

"WILL HONEYCOMB."

C.

XXV. TO LONDON BY STAGE-COACH.

No. 132.] Wednesday, August 1, 1711. [STEELE.

Qui aut tempus quid postulet non videt, aut plura loquitur, aut se ostentat, aut eorum quibuscum est rationem non habet, is ineptus esse dicitur.
TULL.

HAVING notified to my good friend Sir Roger that I should set out for London the next day, his horses were ready at the appointed hour in the evening; and attended by one of his grooms, I arrived at the county town at twilight, in order to be ready for the stage-coach the day following. As soon as we arrived at the inn, the servant who waited upon me inquired of the chamberlain, in my hearing, what company he had for the coach. The fellow answered, "Mrs. Betty Arable, the great fortune, and the

widow, her mother; a recruiting officer, — who took a place because they were to go ; young Squire Quickset, her cousin, — that her mother wished her to be married to ; Ephraim, the Quaker, her guardian ; and a gentleman that had studied himself dumb from Sir Roger de Coverley's." I observed, by what he said of myself, that according to his office, he dealt much in intelligence; and doubted not but there was some foundation for his reports of the rest of the company, as well as for the whimsical account he gave of me.

The next morning at daybreak we were all called ; and I, who know my own natural shyness, and endeavor to be as little liable to be disputed with as possible, dressed immediately, that I might make no one wait. The first preparation for our setting out was, that the captain's half-pike was placed near the coachman, and a drum behind the coach. In the meantime the drummer, the captain's equipage, was very loud that none of the captain's things should be placed so as to be spoiled ; upon which his cloak bag was fixed in the seat of the coach ; and the captain himself, according to a frequent though invidious behavior of military men, ordered his man to look sharp that none but one of the ladies should have the place he had taken fronting to the coach-box.

We were in some little time fixed in our seats, and sat with that dislike which people not too good-natured usually conceive of each other at first sight. The coach jumbled us insensibly into some sort of familiarity, and we had not moved above two miles when the widow asked the captain what success he had in his recruiting. The officer, with a frankness he believed very graceful, told her that indeed he had but very little luck, and had suffered much by desertion, therefore should be glad to end his warfare in the service of her or her fair daughter.

"In a word," continued he, "I am a soldier, and to be plain is my character; you see me, madam, young, sound, and impudent; take me yourself, widow, or give me to her; I will be wholly at your disposal. I am a soldier of fortune, ha!" This was followed by a vain laugh of his own, and a deep silence of all the rest of the company. I had nothing left for it but to fall fast asleep, which I did with all speed. "Come," said he, "resolve upon it, we will make a wedding at the next town: we will wake this pleasant companion who has fallen asleep, to be the bride-man, and," — giving the Quaker a clap on the knee, — he concluded, "this sly saint, who, I'll warrant, understands what's what as well as you or I, widow, shall give the bride as father."

The Quaker, who happened to be a man of smartness, answered, "Friend, I take it in good part that thou hast given me the authority of a father over this comely and virtuous child; and I must assure thee that if I have the giving her, I shall not bestow her on thee. Thy mirth, friend, savoreth of folly; thou art a person of a light mind; thy drum is a type of thee, — it soundeth because it is empty. Verily, it is not from thy fullness, but thy emptiness, that thou hast spoken this day. Friend, friend, we have hired this coach in partnership with thee, to carry us to the great city; we cannot go any other way. This worthy mother must hear thee if thou wilt needs utter thy follies; we cannot help it, friend, I say; if thou wilt, we must hear thee: but, if thou wert a man of understanding, thou wouldst not take advantage of thy courageous countenance to abash us children of peace. Thou art, thou sayest, a soldier; give quarter to us, who cannot resist thee. Why didst thou fleer at our friend, who feigned himself asleep? He said nothing, but how dost thou know what he containeth? If thou speakest improper

things in the hearing of this virtuous young virgin, consider it is an outrage against a distressed person that cannot get from thee : to speak indiscreetly what we are obliged to hear, by being hasped up with thee in this public vehicle, is in some degree assaulting on the high road."

Here Ephraim paused, and the captain, with an happy and uncommon impudence, — which can be convicted and support itself at the same time, — cries, "Faith, friend, I thank thee ; I should have been a little impertinent if thou hadst not reprimanded me. Come, thou art, I see, a smoky old fellow, and I'll be very orderly the ensuing part of the journey. I was going to give myself airs; but, ladies, I beg pardon."

The captain was so little out of humor, and our company was so far from being soured by this little ruffle, that Ephraim and he took a particular delight in being agreeable to each other for the future, and assumed their different provinces in the conduct of the company. Our reckonings, apartments, and accommodation fell under Ephraim ; and the captain looked to all disputes on the road, — as the good behavior of our coachman, and the right we had of taking place as going to London of all vehicles coming from thence.

The occurrences we met with were ordinary, and very little happened which could entertain by the relation of them ; but when I considered the company we were in, I took it for no small good fortune that the whole journey was not spent in impertinences, which to one part of us might be an entertainment, to the other a suffering.

What, therefore, Ephraim said when we were almost arrived at London, had to me an air not only of good understanding, but good breeding. Upon the young lady's expressing her satisfaction in the journey, and

declaring how delightful it had been to her, Ephraim declared himself as follows: "There is no ordinary part of human life which expresseth so much a good mind, and a right inward man, as his behavior upon meeting with strangers, especially such as may seem the most unsuitable companions to him: such a man, when he falleth in the way with persons of simplicity and innocence, however knowing he may be in the ways of men, will not vaunt himself thereof; but will the rather hide his superiority to them, that he may not be painful unto them. My good friend," continued he, turning to the officer, "thee and I are to part by and by, and peradventure we may never meet again; but be advised by a plain man; modes and apparel are but trifles to the real man, therefore do not think such a man as thyself terrible for thy garb, nor such a one as me contemptible for mine. When two such as thee and I meet, with affections as we ought to have towards each other, thou shouldst rejoice to see my peaceable demeanor, and I should be glad to see thy strength and ability to protect me in it." T.

XXVI. SIR ANDREW ARGUES WITH SIR ROGER.

No. 174.] Wednesday, Sept. 19, 1711. [STEELE.

Haec memini et victum frustra contendere Thyrsin.
VIRG.

THERE is scarce anything more common than animosities between parties that cannot subsist but by their agreement: this was well represented in the sedition of the members of the human body in the old Roman fable. It is often the case of lesser confederate states against a superior power, which are hardly held together, though their unanimity is necessary for their common safety; and

this is always the case of the landed and trading interest of Great Britain: the trader is fed by the product of the land, and the landed man cannot be clothed but by the skill of the trader; and yet those interests are ever jarring.

We had last winter an instance of this at our club, in Sir Roger de Coverley and Sir Andrew Freeport, between whom there is generally a constant, though friendly, opposition of opinions. It happened that one of the company, in an historical discourse, was observing that Carthaginian faith was a proverbial phrase to intimate breach of leagues. Sir Roger said it "could hardly be otherwise; that the Carthaginians were the greatest traders in the world, and as gain is the chief end of such a people, they never pursue any other, — the means to it are never regarded. They will, if it comes easily, get money honestly; but if not, they will not scruple to attain it by fraud, or cozenage. And, indeed, what is the whole business of the trader's account, but to overreach him who trusts to his memory? But were that not so, what can there great and noble be expected from him whose attention is forever fixed upon balancing his books, and watching over his expenses? And at best let frugality and parsimony be the virtues of the merchant, how much is his punctual dealing below a gentleman's charity to the poor, or hospitality among his neighbors?"

Captain Sentry observed Sir Andrew very diligent in hearing Sir Roger, and had a mind to turn the discourse, by taking notice, in general, from the highest to the lowest parts of human society, there was "a secret though unjust way among men of indulging the seeds of ill-nature and envy by comparing their own state of life to that of another, and grudging the approach of their neighbor to their own happiness: and on the other side, he who is the

less at his ease, repines at the other who, he thinks, has unjustly the advantage over him. Thus the civil and military lists look upon each other with much ill-nature: the soldier repines at the courtier's power, and the courtier rallies the soldier's honor; or, to come to lower instances, the private men in the horse and foot of an army, the carmen and coachmen in the city streets, mutually look upon each other with ill-will, when they are in competition for quarters or the way, in their respective motions."

"It is very well, good captain," interrupted Sir Andrew; "you may attempt to turn the discourse if you think fit; but I must, however, have a word or two with Sir Roger, who, I see, thinks he has paid me off, and been very severe upon the merchant. I shall not," continued he, "at this time remind Sir Roger of the great and noble monuments of charity and public spirit which have been erected by merchants since the Reformation, but at present content myself with what he allows us, — parsimony and frugality. If it were consistent with the quality of so ancient a baronet as Sir Roger to keep an account, or measure things by the most infallible way, that of numbers, he would prefer our parsimony to his hospitality. If to drink so many hogsheads is to be hospitable, we do not contend for the fame of that virtue; but it would be worth while to consider whether so many artificers at work ten days together by my appointment, or so many peasants made merry on Sir Roger's charge, are the men more obliged? I believe the families of the artificers will thank me more than the households of the peasants shall Sir Roger. Sir Roger gives to his men, but I place mine above the necessity or obligation of my bounty. I am in very little pain for the Roman proverb upon the Carthaginian traders; the Romans were their professed enemies. I am only sorry

no Carthaginian histories have come to our hands; we might have been taught, perhaps, by them some proverbs against the Roman generosity, in fighting for and bestowing other people's goods. But since Sir Roger has taken occasion from an old proverb to be out of humor with merchants, it should be no offence to offer one not quite so old in their defence. When a man happens to break in Holland, they say of him that 'he has not kept true accounts.' This phrase, perhaps, among us would appear a soft or humorous way of speaking; but with that exact nation it bears the highest reproach. For a man to be mistaken in the calculation of his expense, in his ability to answer future demands, or to be impertinently sanguine in putting his credit to too great adventure, are all instances of as much infamy as, with gayer nations, to be failing in courage or common honesty.

"Numbers are so much the measure of everything that is valuable, that it is not possible to demonstrate the success of any action, or the prudence of any undertaking, without them. I say this in answer to what Sir Roger is pleased to say, that 'little that is truly noble can be expected from one who is ever poring on his cashbook or balancing his accounts.' When I have my returns from abroad, I can tell to a shilling by the help of numbers the profit or loss by my adventure; but I ought also to be able to show that I had reason for making it, either from my own experience or that of other people, or from a reasonable presumption that my returns will be sufficient to answer my expense and hazard: and this is never to be done without the skill of numbers. For instance, if I am to trade to Turkey, I ought beforehand to know the demand of our manufactures there, as well as of their silks in England, and the customary prices that are given for both in each country. I ought to have a clear knowledge of

these matters beforehand, that I may presume upon sufficient returns to answer the charge of the cargo I have fitted out, the freight and assurance out and home, the custom to the queen, and the interest of my own money, and besides all these expenses, a reasonable profit to myself. Now what is there of scandal in this skill? What has the merchant done that he should be so little in the good graces of Sir Roger? He throws down no man's enclosure, and tramples upon no man's corn; he takes nothing from the industrious laborer; he pays the poor man for his work; he communicates his profit with mankind; by the preparation of his cargo, and the manufacture of his returns, he furnishes employment and subsistence to greater numbers than the richest nobleman; and even the nobleman is obliged to him for finding out foreign markets for the produce of his estate, and for making a great addition to his rents: and yet it is certain that none of all these things could be done by him without the exercise of his skill in numbers.

"This is the economy of the merchant; and the conduct of the gentleman must be the same, unless by scorning to be the steward, he resolves the steward shall be the gentleman. The gentleman, no more than the merchant, is able, without the help of numbers, to account for the success of any action, or the prudence of any adventure. If, for instance, the chase is his whole adventure, his only returns must be the stag's horns in the great hall and the fox's nose upon the stable door. Without doubt Sir Roger knows the full value of these returns; and if beforehand he had computed the charges of the chase, a gentleman of his discretion would certainly have hanged up all his dogs; he would never have brought back so many fine horses to the kennel; he would never have gone so often, like a blast, over fields of corn. If such, too, had been

the conduct of all his ancestors, he might truly have boasted, at this day, that the antiquity of his family had never been sullied by a trade; a merchant had never been permitted with his whole estate to purchase a room for his picture in the gallery of the Coverley's, or to claim his descent from the maid of honor. But 'tis very happy for Sir Roger that the merchant paid so dear for his ambition. 'Tis the misfortune of many other gentlemen to turn out of the seats of their ancestors to make way for such new masters as have been more exact in their accounts than themselves; and certainly he deserves the estate a great deal better who has got it by his industry, than he who has lost it by his negligence." T.

The first part of *Spectator*, No. 251. [ADDISON.

THERE is nothing which more astonishes a foreigner and frights a country squire than the cries of London. My good friend Sir Roger often declares that he cannot get them out of his head or go to sleep for them, the first week that he is in town. On the contrary, Will Honeycomb calls them the *ramage de la ville*, and prefers them to the sounds of larks and nightingales, with all the music of the fields and woods. I have lately received a letter from some very odd fellow upon this subject, which I shall leave with my reader without saying anything further of it.

XXVII. SIR ROGER IN LONDON.

No. 269.] Tuesday, January 8, 1712. [ADDISON.

Aevo rarissima nostro
Simplicitas.
OVID.

I WAS this morning surprised with a great knocking at the door, when my landlady's daughter came up to me and told me that there was a man below desired to speak with

me. Upon my asking her who it was, she told me it was a very grave, elderly person, but that she did not know his name. I immediately went down to him, and found him to be the coachman of my worthy friend, Sir Roger de Coverley. He told me that his master came to town last night, and would be glad to take a turn with me in Gray's Inn Walks. As I was wondering in myself what had brought Sir Roger to town, not having lately received any letter from him, he told me that his master was come up to get a sight of Prince Eugene, and that he desired I would immediately meet him.

I was not a little pleased with the curiosity of the old knight, though I did not much wonder at it, having heard him say more than once in private discourse that he looked upon Prince Eugenio — for so the knight always calls him — to be a greater man than Scanderbeg.

I was no sooner come into Gray's Inn Walks, but I heard my friend upon the terrace hemming twice or thrice to himself with great vigor, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air, to make use of his own phrase, and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hems.

I was touched with a secret joy at the sight of the good old man, who before he saw me was engaged in conversation with a beggar-man that had asked an alms of him. I could hear my friend chide him for not finding out some work; but at the same time saw him put his hand in his pocket and give him sixpence.

Our salutations were very hearty on both sides, consisting of many kind shakes of the hand, and several affectionate looks which we cast upon one another. After which the knight told me my good friend his chaplain was very well, and much at my service, and that the Sunday before he had made a most incomparable sermon out of

Doctor Barrow. "I have left," says he, "all my affairs in his hands, and being willing to lay an obligation upon him, have deposited with him thirty marks, to be distributed among his poor parishioners."

He then proceeded to acquaint me with the welfare of Will Wimble. Upon which he put his hand into his fob and presented me, in his name, with a tobacco stopper, telling me that Will had been busy all the beginning of the winter in turning great quantities of them, and that he made a present of one to every gentleman in the country who has good principles and smokes. He added that poor Will was at present under great tribulation, for that Tom Touchy had taken the law of him for cutting some hazel sticks out of one of his hedges.

Among other pieces of news which the knight brought from his country-seat, he informed me that Moll White was dead; and that about a month after her death the wind was so very high that it blew down the end of one of his barns. "But for my own part," says Sir Roger, "I do not think that the old woman had any hand in it."

He afterwards fell into an account of the diversions which had passed in his house during the holidays; for Sir Roger, after the laudable custom of his ancestors, always keeps open house at Christmas. I learned from him that he had killed eight fat hogs for the season, that he had dealt about his chines very liberally amongst his neighbors, and that in particular he had sent a string of hog's-puddings with a pack of cards to every poor family in the parish. "I have often thought," says Sir Roger, "it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of the winter. It is the most dead, uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and Christmas gambols to

support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season, and to see the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small beer, and set it a running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mince-pie upon the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks, and smutting one another. Our friend Will Wimble is as merry as any of them, and shows a thousand roguish tricks upon these occasions."

I was very much delighted with the reflection of my old friend, which carried so much goodness in it. He then launched out into the praise of the late Act of Parliament for securing the Church of England, and told me, with great satisfaction, that he believed it already began to take effect, for that a rigid Dissenter, who chanced to dine at his house on Christmas day, had been observed to eat very plentifully of his plum-porridge.

After having dispatched all our country matters, Sir Roger made several inquiries concerning the club, and particularly of his old antagonist, Sir Andrew Freeport. He asked me with a kind of smile whether Sir Andrew had not taken advantage of his absence to vent among them some of his republican doctrines; but soon after, gathering up his countenance into a more than ordinary seriousness, "Tell me truly," says he, "don't you think Sir Andrew had a hand in the Pope's Procession?" But without giving me time to answer him, "Well, well," says he, "I know you are a wary man, and do not care to talk of public matters."

The knight then asked me if I had seen Prince Eugenio, and made me promise to get him a stand in some convenient place, where he might have a full sight of that extraordinary man, whose presence does so much honor

to the British nation. He dwelt very long on the praises of this great general, and I found that, since I was with him in the country, he had drawn many observations together out of his reading in Baker's "Chronicle," and other authors who always lie in his hall window, which very much redound to the honor of this prince.

Having passed away the greatest part of the morning in hearing the knight's reflections, which were partly private and partly political, he asked me if I would smoke a pipe with him over a dish of coffee at Squire's. As I love the old man, I take delight in complying with everything that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the coffee-house, where his venerable figure drew upon us the eyes of the whole room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the high table, but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax candle, and the *Supplement*, with such an air of cheerfulness and good humor that all the boys in the coffee-room — who seemed to take pleasure in serving him — were at once employed on his several errands; insomuch that nobody else could come at a dish of tea till the knight had got all his conveniences about him. L.

From *Spectator*, No. 271 : A letter from a supposed correspondent. [ADDISON.

MR. SPECTATOR,

Your readers are so well pleased with your character of Sir Roger de Coverley, that there appeared a sensible joy in every coffee-house upon hearing the old knight was come to town. I am now with a knot of his admirers, who make it their joint request to you, that you would give us public notice of the window or balcony where the knight intends to make his appearance. He has already given great satisfaction to several who have here seen him at Squire's Coffee-house. If you think fit

to place your short face at Sir Roger's left elbow, we shall take the hint, and gratefully acknowledge so great a favor.

I am, Sir,
Your most Devoted
Humble Servant,
C. D.

The last part of a paper on *Pin-money*, in *Spectator*, No. 295. [ADDISON.

SOCRATES, in Plato's *Alcibiades*, says he was informed by one who had travelled through Persia, that as he passed over a great tract of lands, and inquired what the name of the place was, they told him it was the Queen's Girdle ; to which he adds, that another wide field which lay by it was called the Queen's Veil ; and that in the same manner there was a large portion of land set aside for every part of Her Majesty's dress. These lands might not be improperly called the Queen of Persia's pin money.

I remember my friend Sir Roger, who I dare say never read this passage in Plato, told me some time since, that upon his courting the perverse widow, — of whom I have given an account in former papers, — he had disposed of an hundred acres in a diamond ring, which he would have presented her with had she thought fit to accept it ; and that upon her wedding day she should have carried on her head fifty of the tallest oaks upon his estate. He further informed me that he would have given her a coal pit to keep her in clean linen, that he would have allowed her the profits of a windmill for her fans, and have presented her once in three years with the shearing of his sheep for her under petticoats. To which the knight always adds that though he did not care for fine clothes himself, there should not have been a woman in the country better dressed than my Lady Coverley. Sir Roger, perhaps, may in this as well as in many other of his devices, appear something odd and singular ; but if the humor of pin money prevails, I think it would be very proper for every gentleman of an estate to mark out so many acres of it under the title of *The Pins*. L.

XXVIII. SIR ROGER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

No. 329.] Tuesday, March 18, 1712. [Addison.

Ire tamen restat Numa quo devenit et Ancus.

Hor.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley told me t'other night, that he had been reading my paper upon Westminster Abbey, "in which," says he, "there are a great many ingenious fancies." He told me, at the same time, that he observed I had promised another paper upon the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not at first imagine how this came into the knight's head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last summer upon Baker's "Chronicle," which he has quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew Freeport since his last coming to town. Accordingly, I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the Abbey.

I found the knight under his butler's hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed than he called for a glass of the Widow Trueby's water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended me to a dram of it at the same time with so much heartiness that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable; upon which the knight, observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel. I could have wished, indeed, that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good-will. Sir Roger told me, further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man, whilst he stayed

in town, to keep off infection; and that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the sickness being at Dantzic. When, of a sudden, turning short to one of his servants, who stood behind him, he bid him call a hackney-coach, and take care it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs. Trueby's water, telling me that the Widow Trueby was one who did more good than all the doctors and apothecaries in the county; that she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her; that she distributed her water gratis among all sorts of people: to which the knight added that she had a very great jointure, and that the whole country would fain have it a match between him and her; "And truly," said Sir Roger, "if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better."

His discourse was broken off by his man's telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman if his axle-tree was good; upon the fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without further ceremony.

We had not gone far, when Sir Roger, popping out his head, called the coachman down from his box, and upon his presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoked; as I was considering what this would end in, he bid him stop by the way at any good tobacconist's, and take in a roll of their best Virginia. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey till we were set down at the west end of the Abbey.

As we went up the body of the church, the knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cried out, "A brave man, I warrant him!" Passing

afterwards by Sir Cloudesley Shovel, he flung his hand that way, and cried, "Sir Cloudesley Shovel! a very gallant man!" As we stood before Busby's tomb, the knight uttered himself again after the same manner: "Dr. Busby — a great man! he whipped my grandfather — a very great man! I should have gone to him myself if I had not been a blockhead; — a very great man!"

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir Roger, planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to everything he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the King of Morocco's head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees; and, concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter's telling us that she was a maid of honor to Queen Elizabeth, the knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and after having regarded her finger for some time, "I wonder," says he, "that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his 'Chronicle.'"

We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's Pillar, sat himself down in the chair, and looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter what authority they had to say that Jacob had ever been in Scotland. The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him that he hoped his honor would pay his forfeit. I could observe Sir Roger a little rufiled upon being thus trepanned; but, our guide not insisting upon his demand, the knight soon recovered his good humor, and whispered in my ear that if Will Wimble were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would

go hard but he would get a tobacco-stopper out of one or t'other of them.

Sir Roger, in the next place, laid his hand upon Edward the Third's sword, and leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince; concluding that, in Sir Richard Baker's opinion, Edward the Third was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

We were then shown Edward the Confessor's tomb, upon which Sir Roger acquainted us that he was the first who touched for the evil; and afterwards Henry the Fourth's, upon which he shook his head and told us there was fine reading in the casualties in that reign.

Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is the figure of one of our English kings without an head; and upon giving us to know that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since, — "Some Whig, I'll warrant you," says Sir Roger; "you ought to lock up your kings better; they will carry off the body too, if you don't take care."

The glorious names of Henry the Fifth and Queen Elizabeth gave the knight great opportunities of shining and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, who, as our knight observed with some surprise, had a great many kings in him whose monuments he had not seen in the Abbey.

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the knight show such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

I must not omit that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man; for which reason

he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk Buildings, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure. L.

The first part of *Spectator*, No. 331. [BUDGELL.

WHEN I was last with my friend Sir Roger in Westminster Abbey, I observed that he stood longer than ordinary before the bust of a venerable old man. I was at a loss to guess the reason of it, when after some time he pointed to the figure, and asked me if I did not think that our forefathers looked much wiser in their beards than we do without them? "For my part," says he, "when I am walking in my gallery in the country, and see my ancestors, who many of them died before they were of my age, I cannot forbear regarding them as so many old patriarchs, and at the same time looking upon myself as an idle smock-faced young fellow. I love to see your Abrahams, your Isaacs, and your Jacobs, as we have them in old pieces of tapestry, with beards below their girdles, that cover half the hangings." The knight added, if I would recommend beards in one of my papers, and endeavor to restore human faces to their ancient dignity, that upon a month's warning he would undertake to lead up the fashion himself in a pair of whiskers.

XXIX. SIR ROGER AT THE PLAY.

No. 335.] Tuesday, March 25, 1712. [ADDISON.

Respicere exemplar vitae morumque iubebo
Doctum imitatorem, et vivas hinc ducere voces.
HOR.

MY friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy with me, assuring me at the same time that he had not been at a play these twenty years. "The last I saw," said Sir Roger, "was the 'Committee,'

which I should not have gone to, neither, had not I been told beforehand that it was a good Church of England comedy." He then proceeded to inquire of me who this distressed mother was; and upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a school-boy he had read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks should be abroad. "I assure you," says he, "I thought I had fallen into their hands last night, for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me half way up Fleet Street, and mended their pace behind me in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know," continued the knight, with a smile, "I fancied they had a mind to *hunt* me, for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighborhood who was served such a trick in King Charles the Second's time; for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shown them very good sport had this been their design; for, as I am an old fox-hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before." Sir Roger added that if these gentlemen had any such intention they did not succeed very well in it; "for I threw them out," says he, "at the end of Norfolk Street, where I doubled the corner and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However," says the knight, "if Captain Sentry will make one with us to-morrow night, and if you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you, for John tells me he has got the fore wheels mended."

The captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the

appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of Steenkirk. Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants to attend their master upon this occasion. When he had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we convoyed him in safety to the playhouse, where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up and looked about him with that pleasure which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper centre to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus, the knight told me that he did not believe the King of France himself had a better strut. I was, indeed, very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism; and was well pleased to hear him, at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for Andromache, and a little while after as much for Hermione; and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear, that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, "You can't imagine, sir, what 'tis to have to do with a widow!"

Upon Pyrrhus his threatening afterwards to leave her, the knight shook his head, and muttered to himself, "Ay, do if you can." This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination, that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered in my ear, "These widows, sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray," says he, "you that are a critic, is this play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of."

The fourth act very luckily begun before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer. "Well," says the knight, sitting down with great satisfaction, "I suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost." He then renewed his attention, and, from time to time, fell a praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom at his first entering he took for Astyanax; but he quickly set himself right in that particular, though at the same time he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy, "who," says he, "must needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him."

Upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap, to which Sir Roger added, "On my word, a notable young baggage!"

As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of these intervals between the acts to express their opinion of the players and of their respective parts. Sir Roger, hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes, struck in with them, and told them that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man; as they were afterwards applauding Pyrrhus, Sir Roger put in a second time: "And let me tell you," says he, "though

he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them." Captain Sentry, seeing two or three wags who sat near us lean with an attentive ear towards Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smoke the knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus his death, and, at the conclusion of it, told me it was such a bloody piece of work that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterwards Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinary serious, and took occasion to moralize, in his way, upon an evil conscience, adding that Orestes in his madness looked as if he saw something.

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the justling of the crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodgings in the same manner that we brought him to the playhouse; being highly pleased, for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the good old man. L.

XXX. WILL HONEYCOMB DISCOURSES.

No. 359.] Tuesday, April 22, 1712. [BUDGELL.

> Torva leaena lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam;
> Florentem cytisum sequitur lasciva capella.
>
> VIRG.

As we were at the club last night, I observed that my friend Sir Roger, contrary to his usual custom, sat very silent, and instead of minding what was said by the com-

pany, was whistling to himself in a very thoughtful mood, and playing with a cork. I jogged Sir Andrew Freeport who sat between us; and as we were both observing him, we saw the knight shake his head and heard him say to himself, "A foolish woman! I can't believe it." Sir Andrew gave him a gentle pat upon the shoulder, and offered to lay him a bottle of wine that he was thinking of the widow. My old friend started, and, recovering out of his brown study, told Sir Andrew that once in his life he had been in the right. In short, after some little hesitation, Sir Roger told us, in the fullness of his heart, that he had just received a letter from his steward, which acquainted him that his old rival and antagonist in the county, Sir David Dundrum, had been making a visit to the widow. "However," says Sir Roger, "I can never think that she'll have a man that's half a year older than I am, and a noted Republican into the bargain."

Will Honeycomb, who looks upon love as his particular province, interrupting our friend with a jaunty laugh, "I thought, knight," says he, "thou hadst lived long enough in the world not to pin thy happiness upon one that is a woman and a widow. I think that without vanity I may pretend to know as much of the female world as any man in Great Britain, though the chief of my knowledge consists in this, — that they are not to be known." Will immediately, with his usual fluency, rambled into an account of his own amours. "I am now," says he, "upon the verge of fifty" (though, by the way, we all knew he was turned of threescore). "You may easily guess," continued Will, "that I have not lived so long in the world without having had some thoughts of settling in it, as the phrase is. To tell you truly, I have several times tried my fortune that way, though I can't much boast of my success.

"I made my first addresses to a young lady in the country; but when I thought things were pretty well drawing to a conclusion, her father happening to hear that I had formerly boarded with a surgeon, the old put forbid me his house, and within a fortnight after married his daughter to a fox hunter in the neighborhood.

"I made my next applications to a widow, and attacked her so briskly that I thought myself within a fortnight of her. As I waited upon her one morning, she told me that she intended to keep her ready money and jointure in her own hand, and desired me to call upon her attorney in Lyon's Inn, who would adjust with me what it was proper for me to add to it. I was so rebuffed by this overture that I never inquired either for her or her attorney afterwards.

"A few months after, I addressed myself to a young lady who was an only daughter and of a good family; I danced with her at several balls, squeezed her by the hand, said soft things to her, and, in short, made no doubt of her heart; and, though my fortune was not equal to hers, I was in hopes that her fond father would not deny her the man she had fixed her affections upon. But, as I went one day to the house in order to break the matter to him, I found the whole family in confusion, and heard, to my unspeakable surprise, that Miss Jenny was that very morning run away with the butler.

"I then courted a second widow, and am at a loss to this day how I came to miss her, for she had often commended my person and behavior. Her maid, indeed, told me one day that her mistress had said she never saw a gentleman with such a spindle pair of legs as Mr. Honeycomb.

"After this I laid siege to four heiresses successively, and being a handsome young dog in those days, quickly made a breach in their hearts; but I don't know how it

came to pass, though I seldom failed of getting the daughter's consent, I could never in my life get the old people on my side.

"I could give you an account of a thousand other unsuccessful attempts, particularly of one which I made some years since upon an old woman, whom I had certainly borne away with flying colors if her relations had not come pouring in to her assistance from all parts of England; nay, I believe I should have got her at last, had not she been carried off by an hard frost."

As Will's transitions are extremely quick, he turned from Sir Roger, and applying himself to me, told me there was a passage in the book I had considered last Saturday which deserved to be writ in letters of gold; and taking out a pocket Milton, read the following lines, which are part of one of Adam's speeches to Eve after the fall: —

"Oh! why did our
Creator wise, that peopled highest Heaven
With Spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on Earth, this fair defect
Of Nature, and not fill the World at once
With men as Angels, without feminine;
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? This mischief had not then befallen,
And more that shall befall — innumerable
Disturbances on Earth through female snares,
And straight conjunction with this sex. For either
He never shall find out fit mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain,
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gained
By a far worse, or, if she love, withheld
By parents; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, already linked and wedlock-bound
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame:
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life, and household peace confound."

Sir Roger listened to this passage with great attention, and desiring Mr. Honeycomb to fold down a leaf at the place and lend him his book, the knight put it up in his pocket, and told us that he would read over those verses again before he went to bed. X.

XXXI. SIR ROGER AT VAUXHALL.

No. 383.] Tuesday, May 20, 1712. [Addison.

Criminibus debent hortos.
Juv.

As I was sitting in my chamber and thinking on a subject for my next *Spectator*, I heard two or three irregular bounces at my landlady's door, and upon the opening of it, a loud, cheerful voice inquiring whether the philosopher was at home. The child who went to the door answered very innocently that he did not lodge there. I immediately recollected that it was my good friend Sir Roger's voice, and that I had promised to go with him on the water to Spring Garden, in case it proved a good evening. The knight put me in mind of my promise from the bottom of the staircase, but told me that if I was speculating he would stay below till I had done. Upon my coming down, I found all the children of the family got about my old friend, and my landlady herself who is a notable prating gossip, engaged in a conference with him, being mightily pleased with his stroking her little boy upon the head, and bidding him be a good child and mind his book.

We were no sooner come to the Temple Stairs but we were surrounded with a crowd of watermen, offering us their respective services. Sir Roger, after having looked about him very attentively, spied one with a wooden leg, and immediately gave him orders to get his boat ready. As we were walking towards it, "You must know," says

Sir Roger, "I never make use of anybody to row me that has not either lost a leg or an arm. I would rather bate him a few strokes of his oar than not employ an honest man that had been wounded in the Queen's service. If I was a lord or a bishop, and kept a barge, I would not put a fellow in my livery that had not a wooden leg."

My old friend, after having seated himself and trimmed the boat with his coachman, — who, being a very sober man, always serves for ballast on these occasions, — we made the best of our way for Fox-hall. Sir Roger obliged the waterman to give us the history of his right leg, and hearing that he had left it at La Hogue, with many particulars which passed in that glorious action, the knight, in the triumph of his heart, made several reflections on the greatness of the British nation; as, that one Englishman could beat three Frenchmen; that we could never be in danger of popery so long as we took care of our fleet; that the Thames was the noblest river in Europe; that London Bridge was a greater piece of work than any of the seven wonders of the world; with many other honest prejudices which naturally cleave to the heart of a true Englishman.

After some short pause, the old knight, turning about his head twice or thrice to take a survey of this great metropolis, bid me observe how thick the city was set with churches, and that there was scarce a single steeple on this side Temple Bar. "A most heathenish sight!" says Sir Roger; "there is no religion at this end of the town. The fifty new churches will very much mend the prospect; but church work is slow, church work is slow!"

I do not remember I have anywhere mentioned, in Sir Roger's character, his custom of saluting everybody that passes by him with a good-morrow or a good-night. This the old man does out of the overflowings of his humanity,

though at the same time it renders him so popular among all his country neighbors that it is thought to have gone a good way in making him once or twice knight of the shire.

He cannot forbear this exercise of benevolence even in town, when he meets with any one in his morning or evening walk. It broke from him to several boats that passed by us upon the water; but to the knight's great surprise, as he gave the good-night to two or three young fellows a little before our landing, one of them, instead of returning the civility, asked us what queer old put we had in the boat, with a great deal of the like Thames ribaldry. Sir Roger seemed a little shocked at first, but at length, assuming a face of magistracy, told us that if he were a Middlesex justice he would make such vagrants know that her Majesty's subjects were no more to be abused by water than by land.

We were now arrived at Spring Garden, which is exquisitely pleasant at this time of year. When I considered the fragrancy of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sung upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mahometan paradise. Sir Roger told me it put him in mind of a little coppice by his house in the country, which his chaplain used to call an aviary of nightingales. "You must understand," says the knight, "there is nothing in the world that pleases a man in love so much as your nightingale. Ah, Mr. Spectator! the many moonlight nights that I have walked by myself and thought on the widow by the music of the nightingales!" He here fetched a deep sigh, and was falling into a fit of musing, when a mask, who came behind him, gave him a gentle tap upon the shoulder, and asked him if he would drink a bottle of mead with her.

But the knight, being startled at so unexpected a familiarity, and displeased to be interrupted in his thoughts of the widow, told her she was a wanton baggage, and bid her go about her business.

We concluded our walk with a glass of Burton ale and a slice of hung beef. When we had done eating, ourselves, the knight called a waiter to him and bid him carry the remainder to the waterman that had but one leg. I perceived the fellow stared upon him at the oddness of the message, and was going to be saucy; upon which I ratified the knight's commands with a peremptory look.

As we were going out of the garden, my old friend, thinking himself obliged as a member of the quorum to animadvert upon the morals of the place, told the mistress of the house, who sat at the bar, that he should be a better customer to her garden if there were more nightingales and fewer [masks]. I.

XXXII. DEATH OF SIR ROGER.

No. 517.] Thursday, October 23, 1712. [ADDISON.

Heu pietas! heu prisca fides!

VIRG.

WE last night received a piece of ill news at our club which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense, — Sir Roger de Coverley *is dead*. He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks' sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the county sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular

comes from a Whig justice of peace, who was always Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist. I have letters both from the chaplain and Captain Sentry which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honor of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the knight's house. As my friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my reader a copy of his letter without any alteration or diminution.

"Honoured Sir, —

"Knowing that you was my old master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the whole country, as well as his poor servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last county sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman, and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighbouring gentleman; for you know, sir, my good master was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was, that he had lost his roast beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin, which was served up according to custom; and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed, we were once in great hope of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life; but this only proved a light'ning before death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady his mother. He has bequeathed the fine white gelding, that he used to ride a hunting upon, to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him, and has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement with good

lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning, to every man in the parish, a great frieze coat, and to every woman a black riding-hood. It was a most moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown gray-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon, the remaining part of our days. He has bequeath'd a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the parish, that he has left mony to build a steeple to the church; for he was heard to say some time ago, that if he lived two years longer, Coverley Church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells everybody that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was buried according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverley's, on the left hand of his father, Sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the pall held up by six of the quorum. The whole parish follow'd the corpse with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits, the men in frieze, and the women in riding-hoods. Captain Sentry, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the hall house, and the whole estate. When my old master saw him a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make good use of it, and to pay the several legacies, and the gifts of charity which he told him he had left as quitrents upon the estate. The captain truly seems a courteous man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my master loved, and shows great kindness to the old house dog, that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has ne'er joyed himself since; no more has any of us. 'Twas the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire. This being all from,

Honoured Sir,

"Your most Sorrowful Servant,

"Edward Biscuit"

"P. S. My master desired, some weeks before he died, that a book which comes up to you by the carrier should be given to Sir Andrew Freeport, in his name."

This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend, that upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the club. Sir Andrew, opening the book, found it to be a collection of Acts of Parliament. There was in particular the Act of Uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir Roger's own hand. Sir Andrew found that they related to two or three points which he had disputed with Sir Roger the last time he appeared at the club. Sir Andrew, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's hand-writing burst into tears, and put the book into his pocket. Captain Sentry informs me that the knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the club. O.

From *Spectator*, No. 518: The first part of a letter from a supposed correspondent. [STEELE.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"It is with inexpressible sorrow that I hear of the death of good Sir Roger, and do heartily condole with you upon so melancholy an occasion. I think you ought to have blackened the edges of a paper which brought us so ill news, and to have had it stamped likewise in black. It is expected of you that you should write his epitaph, and, if possible, fill his place in the club with as worthy and diverting a member. I question not but you will receive many recommendations from the public of such as will appear candidates for that post. . . .

"I am, Sir, &c."

XXXIII. A NEW MASTER AT COVERLEY HALL.

No. 544.] Monday, Nov. 24, 1712. [STEELE.

> Nunquam ita quisquam bene subducta ratione ad vitam fuit
> Quin res, aetas, usus semper aliquid apportet novi,
> Aliquid moneat: ut illa, quae te scire credas, nescias;
> Et, quae tibi putaris prima, in experiundo ut repudies.
>
> TER.

THERE are, I think, sentiments in the following letter from my friend Captain Sentry, which discover a rational and equal frame of mind, as well prepared for an advantageous as an unfortunate change of condition.

"Coverley Hall, Nov. 15,
"Worcestershire.

"Sir,

"I am come to the succession of the estate of my honored kinsman, Sir Roger de Coverley; and I assure you I find it no easy task to keep up the figure of master of the fortune which was so handsomely enjoyed by that honest, plain man. I cannot (with respect to the great obligations I have, be it spoken) reflect upon his character, but I am confirmed in the truth which I have, I think, heard spoken at the club; to wit, that a man of a warm and well-disposed heart, with a very small capacity, is highly superior in human society to him who, with the greatest talents, is cold and languid in his affections.

"But, alas! why do I make a difficulty in speaking of my worthy ancestor's failings? His little absurdities and incapacity for the conversation of the politest men are dead with him, and his greater qualities are even now useful to him. I know not whether by naming those disabilities I do not enhance his merit, since he has left behind him a reputation in his country which would be worth the pains of the wisest man's whole life to arrive at.

. . . . . .

"But, indeed, my chief business at this time is to represent to you my present state of mind, and the satisfactions I promise

to myself in the possession of my new fortune. I have continued all Sir Roger's servants, except such as it was a relief to dismiss into little beings within my manor. Those who are in a list of the good knight's own hand to be taken care of by me, I have quartered upon such as have taken new leases of me, and added so many advantages during the lives of the persons so quartered, that it is the interest of those whom they are joined with, to cherish and befriend them upon all occasions.

"I find a considerable sum of ready money, which I am laying out among my dependants at the common interest, but with a design to lend it according to their merit, rather than according to their ability. I shall lay a tax upon such as I have highly obliged, to become security to me for such of their own poor youth, whether male or female, as want help towards getting into some being in the world. I hope I shall be able to manage my affairs so as to improve my fortune every year by doing acts of kindness. I will lend my money to the use of none but indigent men, secured by such as have ceased to be indigent by the favor of my family or myself. What makes this the more practicable is, that if they will do any one good with my money, they are welcome to it upon their own security: and I make no exception against it, because the persons who enter into the obligations, do it for their own family. I have laid out four thousand pounds this way, and it is not to be imagined what a crowd of people are obliged by it. In cases where Sir Roger has recommended, I have lent money to put out children, with a clause which makes void the obligation in case the infant dies before he is out of his apprenticeship; by which means the kindred and masters are extremely careful of breeding him to industry, that he may repay it himself by his labor, in three years' journey-work after his time is out, for the use of his securities. Opportunities of this kind are all that have occurred since I came to my estate: but I assure you I will preserve a constant disposition to catch at all the occasions I can to promote the good and happiness of my neighborhood.

"But give me leave to lay before you a little establishment which has grown out of my past life, that I doubt not will

administer great satisfaction to me in that part of it, whatever that is, which is to come.

"There is a prejudice in favor of the way of life to which a man has been educated, which I know not whether it would not be faulty to overcome. It is like a partiality to the interest of one's own country before that of any other nation. It is from an habit of thinking, grown upon me from my youth spent in arms, that I have ever held gentlemen who have preserved modesty, good-nature, justice and humanity in a soldier's life, to be the most valuable and worthy persons of the human race. To pass through imminent dangers, suffer painful watchings, frightful alarms, and laborious marches for the greater part of a man's time, and pass the rest in a sobriety conformable to the rules of the most virtuous civil life, is a merit too great to deserve the treatment it usually meets with among the other part of the world. But I assure you, sir, were there not very many who have this worth, we could never have seen the glorious events which we have in our days. I need not say more to illustrate the character of a soldier than to tell you he is the very contrary to him you observe loud, saucy, and overbearing, in a red coat about town. But I was going to tell you that, in honor of the profession of arms, I have set apart a certain sum of money for a table for such gentlemen as have served their country in the army, and will please from time to time to sojourn all or any part of the year, at Coverley. Such of them as will do me that honor shall find horses, servants, and all things necessary for their accommodation and enjoyment of all the conveniences of life in a pleasant, various country. If Colonel Camperfelt be in town, and his abilities are not employed another way in the service, there is no man would be more welcome here. That gentleman's thorough knowledge in his profession, together with the simplicity of his manners and goodness of his heart, would induce others like him to honor my abode; and I should be glad my acquaintance would take themselves to be invited or not, as their characters have an affinity to his.

"I would have all my friends know that they need not fear (though I am become a country gentleman) I will trespass

against their temperance and sobriety. No, sir, I shall retain so much of the good sentiments for the conduct of life which we cultivated in each other at our club, as to contemn all inordinate pleasures ; but particularly remember, with our beloved Tully, that the delight in food consists in desire, not satiety. They who most passionately pursue pleasure, seldomest arrive at it. Now I am writing to a philosopher, I cannot forbear mentioning the satisfaction I took in the passage I read yesterday in the same Tully. A nobleman of Athens made a compliment to Plato the morning after he had supped at his house: 'Your entertainments do not only please when you give them, but also the day after.'

"I am, my worthy friend,

"Your most obedient, humble servant,

"William Sentry."

T.

NOTES.

I. THE SPECTATOR'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

1. **Motto:** "He plans no flash to end in smoke, but smoke breaking into flame, to light the further wonders of his show."— Horace: *Ars Poet.*, 143 (*Spectator*, No. 1).

In No. 221 of the *Spectator*, Addison says: "The natural love to Latin which is so prevalent in our common people, makes me think that my speculations fare never the worse among them for that little scrap which appears at the head of them; and what the more encourages me in the use of quotations in an unknown tongue is, that I hear the ladies, whose approbation I value more than that of the whole learned world, declare themselves in a more particular manner pleased with my Greek mottoes."

1 3. **Black,** *i.e.* dark.

1 8. **My following writings.** The "writings" are, of course, the daily issues of the *Spectator*, not merely the selections included in this volume.

1 9. **The several persons,** etc. In the next paper, Steele gives an account of these persons. It is interesting to note the classes represented.

2 2. **Depending,** pending; rarely used now in this sense.

2 16. **Parts,** gifts, talents.

3 2. **The measure of a pyramid.** It is supposed that Addison alludes to John Greaves, an Oriental scholar, who visited Egypt, and measured the pyramids with mathematical instruments. In 1646 he published a work entitled *Pyramidographia; or, a Discourse of the Pyramids in Egypt.* In Addison's own day, — in 1706, — a posthumous pamphlet appeared on the same subject.

3 6. **In this city,** *i.e.* London.

3. **Coffee-houses.** Will's Coffee-house, in Russell Street, formerly frequented by Dryden and his friends, was still a favorite resort for men of letters; Child's, in St. Paul's Churchyard, was the haunt of physicians, philosophers, and clergymen; St. James's, near St. James's

Palace, was the favorite meeting-place for Whig statesmen and members of Parliament, as well as for Whig officers of the Guards and men of fashion; the Grecian (so called because it was kept by a Greek), in Devereux Court, Strand, was patronized by lawyers and scholars; the Cocoa Tree, a chocolate-house in St. James's Street, was resorted to by Tory statesmen and men of fashion; and Jonathan's, in Change Alley, was a meeting-place for stock-jobbers. The coffee-houses of the eighteenth century formed a neutral meeting-ground for men of all conditions; no decently attired person was refused admittance, provided he laid down his penny at the bar. The excellent rules in force prevented any ill effects from this admixture of classes. "If a man swore, he was fined 1 s.; and if he began a quarrel, he was fined 'dishes' round. Discussion on religion was prohibited, no card-playing or dicing was allowed, and no wager might be made exceeding 5 s. These were the simple rules generally used, and, if they were only complied with, all must have felt the benefit of such a mild despotism."—Ashton: *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*, vol. i. chap. xviii.

Ashton quotes the following: "These houses, which are very numerous in London, are extremely convenient. You have all manner of news there; you have a good fire, which you may sit by as long as you please; you have a dish of coffee; you meet your friends for the transaction of business; and all for a penny, if you don't care to spend more."—Henri de Valbourg Misson: *Memoires et observations faites par un voyageur en Angleterre* (1698). The same, translated by M. Ozell (1719).

In No. 403 of the *Spectator*, Addison describes a visit to some of the principal coffee-houses of his day. He says: "When any public affair is upon the anvil, I love to hear the reflections that arise upon it in the several districts and parishes of London and Westminster, and to ramble up and down a whole day together, in order to make myself acquainted with the opinions of my ingenious countrymen, . . . and as every coffee-house has some particular statesman belonging to it, who is the mouth of the street where he lives, I always take care to place myself near him, in order to know his judgment on the present posture of affairs."—See also *Spectator*, No. 49.

3 16. **The Postman,** "which John Dunton describes as 'the best for everything,' was edited by Fontive, a French Protestant."—Mr. Aitken's note.

3 22. **Drury Lane and the Haymarket,** the two theatres of Queen Anne's time, both of which are still in existence. In the days of the *Spectator*, the Haymarket was used for Italian opera.

4 1. **Blots.** In backgammon, the exposure of a single man on a point is called a blot.

4 4. **Whigs and Tories.** The term *Whig* was first applied to the Presbyterian zealots of Scotland, and the term *Tory* to certain bands of outlaws in Ireland. The words came into use in England as party names about 1679. When the terms were first used, the Whigs were maintainers of parliamentary power over the crown, and advocated toleration towards Dissenters; the Tories believed in the indefeasible rights of the wearers of the crown, and refused to tolerate Dissenters. As new questions arose, the objects of contention were no longer the same.

4 28. **Which I have not spoken to,** *i.e.* which I have not treated of.

5 4. **Several,** various.

5 10. **Discoveries,** disclosures.

5 19. **At Mr. Buckley's in Little Britain.** The *Daily Courant*— the first successful English daily newspaper — in its issue for March 1, 1711, contains the following: "This day is published, a Paper entitled *The Spectator*, which will be continued every day. Printed for Sam. Buckley at the Dolphin, in Little Britain, and sold by A. Baldwin, in Warwick Lane." (There was no *Spectator* on Sundays.) Little Britain is a short street near Bartholomew's Hospital. Irving gives an interesting account of this section in his *Sketch Book*.

5. **Signatures used by the writers of the Spectator.** In signing his papers, Addison made use of the letters, — C., L., I., and O. These letters, it will be observed, form the word *Clio*, the name of the Muse of History. Steele used the letters R. and T. . In No. 221 of the *Spectator*, Addison says that the capital letters placed at the end of the papers "have afforded great matter of speculation to the curious." He says further: "They are, perhaps, little amulets or charms to preserve the paper against the fascination and malice of evil eyes; for which reason I would not have my reader surprised if hereafter he sees any of my papers marked with a *Q*, a *Z*, a *Y*, an *&c.*, or with the word *Abracadabra*."

II. SIR ROGER AND THE CLUB.

5. **Motto:** "But other six and more shout with one voice." — Juvenal: *Sat.* vii. 167 (*Spectator*, No. 2).

5 25. **Our society.** No institutions are more characteristic of the reign of Queen Anne than the club and the coffee-house. The Kit-Cat Club, which was founded in the reign of James II. and dissolved about

1720, was a noted society. It consisted of thirty-nine noblemen and gentlemen, and included, among other distinguished men, the Duke of Marlborough, Lords Halifax and Somers, Sir Robert Walpole, Vanbrugh, Congreve, Steele, and Addison. The October Club united persons of high Tory sentiments, while the members of the Calves Head Club were opposed to the "present establishment in Church and State." *Spectator* No. 17 contains an amusing account of the so-called Merry Club; in No. 9 and No. 72, Addison treats of clubs.

5 26. **Sir Roger de Coverley.** It was Swift who proposed that this name should be given to the kindly and whimsical country squire. The names of the members of the Spectator Club are all suggestive; for instance, Captain Sentry, Sir Andrew Freeport, Will Honeycomb. There have been various unsuccessful attempts to connect these fictitious characters with persons living at the time of the *Spectator*. See Addison's remarks at the end of the fourth paper in the present volume.

6 1. **That famous country-dance.** It has been discovered that the dance called *Sir Roger de Coverley* was originally tripped to a tune called *Roger a Calverley*, after a certain knight of that name who lived in the time of Richard I. A *country-dance* was a dance practiced by country people, particularly in the open air. The term is specifically applied to a dance in which the partners are placed opposite each other in lines. The French *contredanse* and the English *contradance* are corruptions of this word. (See Murray's English Dictionary.)

6 11. **When he is in town he lives in Soho Square.** Sir Roger's place of abode in the city is changed several times, always to less fashionable quarters. This is doubtless due to the fact that the papers relating to him were contributed by several persons, each of whom had a different conception of his character. Steele begins by making the squire the owner of a house in a new and fashionable part of London.

6 15. **Lord Rochester.** John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, a witty, dissipated man, a favorite of Charles II.

6 16. **Sir George Etherege.** A wit and a dramatist of the Restoration period.

6 17. **Bully Dawson.** Morley calls him "a swaggering sharper of Whitefriars."

6 30. **Esteemed.** In this case the word signifies *highly respected, revered.*

7 1. **Justice of the quorum,** justice of the peace.

7 2. **Quarter session,** a general court of criminal jurisdiction in England, held quarterly by the justices of the peace in counties, and by recorders in boroughs. *Quarter sessions* is the common term.

7 6. **The Inner Temple.** The Inns of Court and Chancery are voluntary non-corporate legal societies situated in London, and having their origin toward the end of the thirteenth and the beginning of the fourteenth century. There are four Inns of Court: Lincoln's Inn, the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple, and Gray's Inn. These include certain subordinate Inns. Gray's Inn Walks was a popular resort at the time of the *Spectator*.

7 9. **Humorsome,** whimsical, eccentric. The word *humor* first signified *moisture*, especially the fluid of animal bodies. The ancient physicians believed that in the human body there were four fluids or humors: blood, phlegm, yellow bile or choler, and black bile or melancholy. On the relative proportion of these the temperament and health depended. Hence, *humor* came to mean the state of the mind in a general way, and then, changing, or whimsical states of mind. It is interesting to consider the various meanings of the word at the present time, and to note the changes through which it has passed.

7 12. **Aristotle,** a celebrated Greek philosopher who died B.C. 322.

7 12. **Longinus,** a Greek philosopher and critic, executed at Palmyra, A.D. 273. His treatise "On the Sublime" was much quoted by seventeenth century critics.

7 13. **Littleton or Coke.** Judge Littleton, who died in 1487, wrote a celebrated treatise on "Tenures." Lord Chief-justice Coke (pronounced *Cook* by members of the English bar) wrote a commentary on this work, which is known as "Coke upon Littleton."

7 20. **Demosthenes,** a famous Greek orator, the opponent of Philip of Macedon.

7 20. **Tully.** Marcus Tullius Cicero, often called Tully by English writers, was an illustrious Roman orator, philosopher, and statesman. He lost his life, B.C. 43, being on the list of proscribed persons made out by the triumvirs, — Octavianus, Antony, and Lepidus.

7 26. **Taste of books,** taste in books.

7 30. **Occurs to him,** *i.e.* presents itself to him.

7 31. **The time of the play.** The *Daily Courant* for Oct. 5, 1703, contains the following notice: "Her Majesty's Servants of the Theatre Royal being return'd from the Bath, do intend, to morrow being *Wednesday* the Sixth of this instant *October*, to act a Comedy call'd *Love makes a Man, or, the Fop's Fortune*. With singing and Dancing. And whereas the Audiences have been incommoded by the Plays usually beginning too late, the Company of the said Theatre do therefore give Notice that they will constantly begin at Five a Clock without fail, and continue the

Same Hour all the Winter." In the supposed journal of a fashionable lady, given in No. 323 of the *Spectator*, the opera is said to begin at six.

7 33. **New Inn** is connected with the Middle Temple.

7 34. **Will's,** Will's Coffee-house.

8 2. **The Rose,** a tavern adjoining Drury Lane Theatre.

8 30. **Captain Sentry.** It has been supposed that Captain Sentry was modelled after Colonel Kempenfelt (alluded to in *Spectator*, No. 544, as Colonel Camperfelt), who was, towards the end of his life, lieutenant-governor of Jersey. His son was the admiral who was lost with the "Royal George" in 1728.

8 32. **Invincible.** Note the peculiar use of the word.

9 24. **In his own vindication,** *i.e.* in pressing his own claims.

10 1. **Humorists,** whimsical, eccentric persons.

10 11. **Habits,** styles of dress.

10 20. **Will take notice to you,** *i.e.* will call your attention to.

10 22. **The Duke of Monmouth.** James Scott, Duke of Monmouth and Buccleuch, was a natural son of Charles II. of England. In 1685 he invaded England with a party of armed exiles, and proclaimed himself king. He gained a victory at Axminster, but was defeated at the battle of Sedgemoor, July 6, 1685, — the last battle fought on English soil. A few days later he was executed on Tower Hill.

10 24. **In the Park.** A Frenchman, Misson, writing in the latter part of the seventeenth century, says of the "Ring," in Hyde Park: "Here the people of fashion take the diversion of the ring. In a pretty high place, which lies very open, they have surrounded a circumference of two or three hundred paces diameter, with a sorry kind of balustrade, or rather with poles placed upon stakes, but three foot from the ground; and the coaches drive round and round this. When they have turned for some time round one way, they face about and turn t' other: so rowls the world." — Quoted by John Brand, in his *Popular Antiquities of Great Britain.*

St. James's Park was the favorite resort for pedestrians in the eighteenth century. The "Mall" in this Park is often spoken of in old books. The following was written in 1700: "The Green Walk afforded us variety of discourses from persons of both sexes. Here walked a beau bareheaded, — here a French fop with both his hands in his pockets, carrying all his pleated coat before to shew his silk breeches. There were a cluster of senators talking of state affairs and the price of corn and cattle, and were disturbed with the noisy milk folks, crying, — 'A can of milk, ladies! A can of red cow's milk, sir!'" — *London Past and Present*, by Wheatley and Cunningham.

10 24. **In all these important relations,** etc., *i.e.* when talking of these important (?) occurrences he incidentally mentions his own love affairs.

11 1. **A well-bred fine gentleman.** The fashionable men of this period had, as a rule, a low moral standard.

III. SIR ROGER MORALIZES.

11. **Motto:** "They used to think it a crime, and deserving of death, if a young man did not rise in the presence of an elder."— Juvenal: *Sat.* xiii. 54 (*Spectator*, No. 6).

12 22. **Lincoln's Inn Fields,** a "noble square" west of Lincoln's Inn, was laid out in walks in the reign of James I. "These fields were frequented from an early period down to the year 1735 by wrestlers, bowlers, cripples, beggars, and rabble of all kinds."— Wheatley and Cunningham: *London Past and Present.*

12 26. **No relish above sensations,** *i.e.* no taste for anything higher than the gratification of the senses.

13 3. **Equipage,** the appurtenances of office or social position.

13 16. **Starts,** a hunting term.

13 16. **Intentively,** attentively.

13 32. **Pass upon,** impose upon fraudulently, deceive.

13 32. **Sir Richard Blackmore says,** etc. "The following passages, which Steele seems to have quoted (not very accurately) from memory, are taken from the preface to Sir Richard Blackmore's epic, 'Prince Arthur,' 1695."— (From Mr. Aitken's note.) Blackmore was a physician and a poet.

14 17. **Humor,** caprice.

14 25. **Mode and gallantry,** fashion and courtesy, or good breeding.

15 1. **What is so ridiculous,** *i.e.* what is esteemed so ridiculous.

15 9. **Quality,** rank, social position.

IV. A CLUB DEBATE.

16. **Motto:** "The spotted leopard spares his kind."— Juvenal: *Sat.* xv. 159 (*Spectator*, No. 34).

16 19. **Softest,** most courteous or conciliatory.

16 22. **The opera and the puppet-show.** These subjects are dealt with in previous numbers of the *Spectator*. No. 13 affords an excellent example of Addison's humor.

17 2. **Their wives and daughters.** As a merchant, Sir Andrew speaks for the citizens of London.

17 12. **The Templar,** the "member of the Inner Temple" mentioned on p. 7.

17 17. **Horace,** a Latin poet of the first century B.C., celebrated for his epistles, odes, and satires.

17 17. **Juvenal,** a Roman satirical poet who died A.D. 120.

17 17. **Boileau,** a noted French writer who lived during the reign of Louis XIV. He was critic and satirist as well as poet.

17 23. **The Inns of Court.** See note referring to p. 7, l. 6.

18 6. **In that point,** in that particular.

19 16. **The Roman triumvirate,** the second triumvirate, which consisted of Octavianus (Augustus), Antony, and Lepidus. See *Life of Antony* in Clough's *Plutarch's Lives*, vol. v.

19 27. **If Punch grows extravagant.** "Martin Powell, puppet showman, brought his marionettes to London from the provinces in 1710, and established himself in the galleries of Covent Garden, where he produced puppet operas 'at Punch's Theatre in Covent Garden.'"—(From Mr. Aitken's note.) Punch was at times rather broad in his humor, and occasionally indulged in personal remarks of an unpleasant character. In No. 16 of the *Tatler*, the writer says, speaking of a performance at Punch's Theatre: "When we came to Noah's flood in the show, Punch and his wife were introduced dancing in the ark. [A critic present] told us it was against all morality, as well as rules of the stage, that Punch should be in jest in the deluge, or indeed, that he should appear at all."

19 28. **If the stage becomes a nursery of folly and impertinence.** In 1689, Jeremy Collier published his "Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage." He alleged that in many of the plays presented, all the important characters were professed libertines, and that these were allowed to pass without censure. Collier's attack helped to make the English stage more decent.

V. SIR ROGER'S CLIENT.

20. **Motto:** "No woman's hands had she, apt to the distaff and Minerva's skeins." — Virgil: *Æn.* vii. 805 (*Spectator*, No. 37).

20 8. **Leonora.** The following is from an oft-quoted letter, printed in No. 92 of the *Spectator*. The letter is from the "Leonora" of this paper, who was a certain Mrs. Perry.

MR. SPECTATOR,

Your paper is a part of my tea-equipage: and my servant knows my humor so well, that calling for my breakfast this morning (it being past my usual hour) she answered, the *Spectator* was not yet come in, but that the tea-kettle boiled, and she expected it every moment. Having thus in part signified to you the esteem and veneration which I have for you, I must put you in mind of the catalogue of books which you have promised to recommend to our sex; for I have deferred furnishing my closet with authors, till I receive your advice in this particular, being your daily Disciple and humble Servant,

LEONORA.

20 10. **I waited upon her ladyship,** etc. In the supposed journal of a fashionable lady, given in No. 323 of the *Spectator*, the following entry occurs: "Rose at eight o'clock in the morning. Sat down to my toilet. From eight to nine, shifted a patch for half an hour before I could determine it. Fixed it above my left eyebrow. From nine to twelve, drank my tea, and dressed."

20 14. **A lady's library.** In 1714, Steele published a compilation entitled, *The Ladies Library, Written by a Lady.*

20 19. **Great jars of china.** In the *Lover*, No. 10, Addison rallies the ladies on their absurd collections of china. He says: "There are no inclinations in women which more surprise me than their passions for chalk and china. The first of these maladies wears out in a little time; but when a woman is visited with the second, it generally takes possession of her for life." At the time of the *Spectator*, the porcelain most admired came from China and Japan. The wares made in England had not yet reached a high degree of beauty.

21 5. **Scaramouches.** The word comes from the Italian *Scaramuccia*, the name of a famous Italian clown of the second half of the seventeenth century, who acted in London. The character is represented as a cowardly braggadocio who is beaten by Harlequin.

21 12. **Fagots,** persons hired to take the places of others in the muster of a company.

21 23. **Ogilby's Virgil,** John Ogilby's *Virgil*, published in 1649; the first English translation of Virgil's complete works.

21 24. **Dryden's Juvenal.** Dryden's *Juvenal and Persius*, portions of which were by other hands, was published in 1693.

21 25, 26. **Cassandra and Cleopatra,** French romances by the Seigneur de la Calprenède, translated into English. Translations of interminable French romances and certain English romances of a doubtful character were exceedingly popular with the ladies in the days of the *Spectator*. In Steele's *Tender Husband*, mention is made of a

young lady, whose head is "full of shepherds, knights, flowery meads, groves, and streams."

21 27. **Astræa,** a pastoral romance by Honoré D'Urfé, was translated for the second time in 1657.

21 28. **Sir Isaac Newton's works.** The author of the *Principia* was living when this was written. He died in 1727.

21 29. **The Grand Cyrus,** a French romance by Mlle. Madeleine de Scudéry, translated in 1653.

21 31. **Pembroke's Arcadia,** Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, first published after his death by his sister, the Countess of Pembroke.

21 32. **Locke of Human Understanding.** Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding* was first published in 1690. Old writers use *of* where we use *on*. Notice titles of Bacon's Essays. *Lock* is the spelling in the original, — a spelling which, as Mr. G. Gregory Smith says, "preserves the pun."

21 32. **With a paper of patches in it.** Patches stuck on the face were fashionable in the times we are dealing with. See note referring to p. 20, l. 10. See also *Spectator*, No. 268.

22 2. **Sherlock upon Death.** Dr. William Sherlock, Dean of St. Paul's, published his *Practical Discourses concerning Death* in 1689.

22 3. **The Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony,** an English version of the popular fifteenth-century book, — *Quinze Joies de Mariage*, — was published in 1682.

22 4. **Sir William Temple's Essays** were published in the latter part of the seventeenth century.

22 5. **Father Malebranche's Search after Truth,** an English translation of his *Recherche de la Vérité*, was published in 1694. The author was living at the time this paper was written.

22 8. **The Academy of Compliments.** Two books bearing titles similar to this appeared in 1713.

22 9. **The Ladies' Calling** by the author of *The Whole Duty of Man*, was a popular octavo, of which the seventh edition was published in 1700.

22 10. **Tales in Verse by Mr. D'Urfey.** Thomas D'Urfey published among other pieces *Tales Tragical and Comical*, in verse, in 1704.

22 14. **A set of Elzevirs by the same hand.** The term *Elzevir* was applied to books or editions — especially of the Greek New Testament and the classics — printed and published by the Elzevir family at Amsterdam, Leyden, and some other cities, from about 1592 to 1680. The editions were valued for their neatness, and for the type used, which was small and elegant. The "hand" is, of course, that of the carpenter.

22 15. **Clelia,** another romance by Mlle. de Scudéry.

22 17. **Baker's Chronicle.** Sir Richard Baker's *Chronicle of the Kings of England* was printed in 1643; a ninth edition appeared in 1696. This is mentioned later as Sir Roger's favorite book.

22 18. **Advice to a Daughter,** by George Savile, Marquis of Halifax.

22 19. **The New Atalantis,** a scandalous book by Mary de la Rivière Manley. Under feigned names it attacked persons of distinction, especially members of Whig families.

22 20. **Mr. Steele's Christian Hero.** Mention is made of this work in the sketch of Steele's life given in the *Introduction.*

22 21. **Hungary water,** a distilled "water" made from dilute alcohol, rosemary flowers, etc., "used as a cure-all as well as a restorative perfume."

22 23. **Dr. Sacheverell's Speech.** Dr. Sacheverell was a High-Church divine, a Tory, whose impeachment by the House of Commons and trial by the House of Lords caused great excitement in England. The speech referred to was that made by Sacheverell during his trial, which occurred in 1710. For an account of the trial, see Lecky's *England in the XVIIIth Century*, vol. i. chap. i.

22 24. **Fielding's Trial.** Robert Fielding was tried for "having two wives." Three short accounts of the trial appeared in 1706, and a longer account in 1708.

22 25. **Seneca's Morals.** Lucius Annæus Seneca lived in Rome in the first century A.D. A number of his works are of the nature of moral essays. His "Morals," translated by Sir Roger L'Estrange, appeared in a seventh edition in 1711.

22 26. **Taylor's Holy Living and Dying.** Jeremy Taylor was a clergyman of the English Church, noted for his eloquence, and for the breadth and the spirituality of his writings. He died in 1667.

23 12. **Visitants,** visitors.

23 18. **Her country seat . . . looks like a little enchanted palace.** Speaking of English gardens in the latter part of the seventeenth and the first part of the eighteenth century, Lecky says: "The trees were habitually carved into cones, or pyramids, or globes, into smooth, even walls, or into fantastic groups of men and animals. [Early in the eighteenth century, however, a new style of gardening came into vogue, a style that gave free scope to the irregular beauties of nature.] Pope and Addison laid out their gardens on the new plan, and defended it with their pens."

23 24. **Turtles,** turtle doves.

24 1. **Consort,** harmony of musical sounds. Perhaps confused with *concert.*

VI. THE SPECTATOR AT COVERLEY HALL.

24. **Motto:** "Here rich store of rural offerings shall flow for thee from bounteous horn." — Horace: *Od.* I. xvii. 14 (*Spectator*, No. 106).

25 19. **Pad,** an easy-paced horse.

25 34. **When he is pleasant upon any of them,** *i.e.* when he makes humorous remarks about any of them, when he jokes about them.

26 14. **In the nature of a chaplain.** In his *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*, chap. xxxii. (*Religions*), Ashton mentions, as a curious symptom of the times, the great popularity of Dr. John Eachard's satire, *The Grounds and Occasions of the Contempt of the Clergy and Religion enquired into.* The domestic chaplain was the particular butt of the satirists. The following lines are from a satire of the times by Oldham:

> "Some think themselves exalted to the Sky,
> If they light in some Noble Family:
> Diet, an Horse, and thirty pounds a year,
> Besides th' advantage of his Lordship's ear,
> . . . . . .
> Little the unexperienc'd Wretch does know
> What slavery he oft must undergo:
> Who, though in Silken Scarf and Cassock drest,
> Wears but a gayer Livery at best."

26 16. **Conversation,** behavior.

26 22. **Humorist,** an eccentric character, a whimsical person.

27 30. **The Bishop of St. Asaph,** Fleetwood or Beveridge, Mr. Thomas Arnold suggests.

27 31. **Dr. South,** a zealous advocate of the divine right of kings.

27 33. **Archbishop Tillotson** and the two preachers next mentioned were, in their day, important men in the Church of England. Dr. Calamy was a Nonconformist. He opposed the execution of Charles I., however, and was for a time chaplain to Charles II. Morley remarks: "His name, added to the other three, gives breadth to the suggestion of Sir Roger's orthodoxy."

28 13. **Handsome,** suitable.

28 14. Talents. As commonly used, the word signifies *special natural gifts;* as used here, it means *acquired ability.*

VII. THE COVERLEY HOUSEHOLD.

28. **Motto:** "A statue high the Athenians raised to Æsop, making him, a slave, stand for ages and proclaim the road of honor free to all." — Phædrus: *Fab.* II. Epilog. (*Spectator*, No. 107).

28 20. **Corruption of manners in servants.** See Ashton's *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*, chap. vi. (Servants). The writer says that the seemingly excessive number of servants in attendance on wealthy persons is easily accounted for: the roads were so bad and so unsafe that they were necessary as guards and assistants. He says further: "As a rule they were treated like dogs by their masters, and were caned mercilessly for very trivial faults." This statement should be taken with a grain of salt. Doubtless in the eighteenth century as now, there were good masters and bad.

29 34. **I have heard him often pleasant on this occasion,** *i.e.* I have often heard him indulge in humorous remarks when talking on this subject.

30 12. **Husband,** manager, economist. In this case the noun has a meaning akin to that of the verb *husband*.

30 15. **Fine,** a sum of money paid by a tenant to his lord, nominally as a gratuity, and distinct from rent. This custom belongs solely to feudal tenures, and to those modified by feudal law, as copyholds.

30 15. **When a tenement falls,** *i.e.* when the right to occupy certain lands or buildings *falls in*, terminates. I have not been able to find another instance of the use of *fall* without *in* as a law term to signify *terminate*.

30 16. **Settlement,** an instrument by which property or the enjoyment of property is limited to several persons in succession.

30 17. **To go into the world,** *i.e.* to take up some occupation distinct from that of domestic service.

30 14–19. **The statement,** — "he knows so well that frugality, etc.,"— means, as a whole, that when Sir Roger has a tenement, that is, house or lands, to dispose of, he often chooses as his tenant a faithful servant, although the servant may be unable to pay the customary fine. Should the servant whom he wishes to benefit prefer to remain in his service, he may give him the benefit of the fine paid by the new tenant, who in this case will be a "stranger."

31 10. **Undone,** ruined.

31 32. **Took off the dress he was in,** *i.e.* the livery the servant wore.

VIII. WILL WIMBLE.

32. **Motto:** "Out of breath for nothing, doing naught with much ado."— Phædrus: *Fab.* II. v. 3 (*Spectator*, No. 108).

32 18. **Jack,** a young pike or a pickerel.

32 22. **Bowling green,** a level piece of greensward used for bowling.

33 1. **Eton** is a noted school for boys founded by Henry VI. in 1441. It is on the Thames, about twenty-one miles from London.

33 8. **Younger brother to a baronet.** According to the principle of primogeniture, introduced into England by the Normans, the oldest son inherits the father's real estate to the exclusion of the younger sons and the daughters. Lecky speaks of the "frequent spectacle of many children — often daughters, who are incapable of earning a livelihood — reduced to penury, in order that the eldest son may gratify the family vanity by an adequate display of ostentatious luxury."

33 13. **Hunts.** As used here, the term means *to use or manage in the chase.*

33 16. **May-fly,** a fly for a fish line.

33 18. **Officious,** obliging.

33 21. **He carries a tulip root.** The craze which has been given the name *tuliopomania* arose in the Netherlands about 1634, and attacked all classes like an epidemic. In No. 218 of the *Tatler*, Mr. Bickerstaff writes of an acquaintance of his, who valued a bed of these flowers, "not above twenty yards in length and two in breadth, more than he would the best hundred acres of land in England."

33 26. **Made,** trained.

35 25. **Physic,** medicine.

35 28. **Improper,** unfitted.

IX. SIR ROGER'S ANCESTORS.

36. **Motto:** "A philosopher outside the schools."— Horace: *Sat.* II. ii. 3 (*Spectator*, No. 109).

36 22. **Yeomen of the Guard,** the bodyguard of the English sovereign, one hundred in number, who still wear the costume of the sixteenth century.

37 4. **Tilt-yard,** a yard for tilting or jousting. The tilt-yard referred to covered a portion of the present parade of St. James's.

37 18. **The coffee-house,** Jenny Man's "Tilt Yard Coffee-house," which stood where the paymaster-general's office now stands.

37 31. **Go-cart,** a framework moving on casters, designed to support children who are learning to walk.

38 2. **Hasty-pudding,** a batter, or pudding, made of flour or oatmeal.

38 2. **White-pot** consisted of milk or cream, eggs, sugar, bread, and some other ingredients, baked in a pot.

38 18. **To be sure,** without doubt.

39 1. **Sir Andrew Freeport has said.** See Sir Andrew's remarks, pp. 112, 113.

39 16. **Knight of this shire.** The knight of the shire, in England, is one of the representatives in Parliament of a county, in distinction from the representatives of cities and boroughs.

39 27. **Husbandman,** manager, economist.

X. COVERLEY GHOSTS.

40. **Motto:**

> "A shuddering on my spirit falls,
> And e'en the silence' self appals."— (Conington.)
>
> VIRGIL: *Æn.* ii. 755 (*Spectator*, No. 110).

40 18. **Language of the Psalms.** Psalm cxlvii. 9: "He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry."

41 22. **Mr. Locke in his chapter,** etc. Locke's *Essay concerning Human Understanding*, bk. ii. chap. xxxiii. par. 10.

43 7. **Lucretius.** Titus Lucretius Carus was born in Italy about B.C. 95. He left one work, — *De Rerum Naturâ* ("On the Nature of Things"), — a philosophic and didactic poem in six books.

43 7–11. **Lucretius . . . makes no doubt of the reality of apparitions.** The following lines are from Johnson's translation of *De Rerum Naturâ*, bk. iv.:

> "The effigies and images of things —
> That like to films from off their surfaces
> Fly thick through air, and to us waking come
> To fright the mind — but oftener in sleep,
> When wondrous sights, shadows devoid of life,
> We seem to see, dim harrowing the soul — "

43 23. **A story out of Josephus.** Flavius Josephus, the most celebrated of Jewish historians, was born at Jerusalem, A.D. 37. His works,

which are in the Greek language, have been widely translated. The passage quoted (portions of which are omitted) may be found in his *Antiquities of the Jews*, bk. xvii. chap. xiii.

44 12. **Impertinent,** irrelevant.

XI. A COUNTRY SUNDAY.

44. **Motto:** "First honor the immortal gods, as it is laid down in the law."— Pythagoras: *Car. Aur.* 1 (*Spectator*, No. 112).

44 22. **The seventh day.** The Jewish Sabbath occurs on the seventh day of the week, the Christian Sabbath on the first.

45 7. **Puts both the sexes upon appearing,** *i.e.* makes both the sexes desirous of appearing.

45 11. **Change,** a colloquial term for Exchange; sometimes written *'Change*.

45 33. **Wakes them.** Notice the antecedent of the pronoun. *Everybody* and *every one* were frequently treated as plural by older writers.

47 2. **The clerk's place.** The clerk is a parish officer, a layman, who leads in the reading of the responses in the Episcopal church service, and otherwise assists in it.

47 15. **Tithe stealers.** A tithe (a tenth) is the tenth part of the increase arising from the profits of land and stock, allotted to the clergy for their support. Almost all the tithes in England and Wales are commuted by law into rent charges.

47 27. **Very hardly,** with great difficulty.

47 29. **Men of five hundred a year,** *i.e.* men having an income of five hundred pounds a year.

XII. SIR ROGER IN LOVE.

48. **Motto:** "Her image is imprinted in his heart."— Virgil: *Æn.* iv. 4 (*Spectator*, No. 113).

48 15. **By that custom,** because of that custom.

49 32. **With a murrain to her** is equivalent to "Plague take her!" —"Confound her!" Murrain is an infectious disease that attacks cattle.

51 18. **No country gentleman can approach her.** The English gentleman of the first part of the eighteenth century was exceedingly fond of the chase, indulged in horse-racing, and frequently patronized bear-baitings, bull-baitings, and cock-fights. In the "Conclusion" of

the *History of his own Time* (published in 1723), Dr. Gilbert Burnet, — Bishop of Salisbury and tutor to the young Duke of Gloucester, — makes the following remarks in regard to the English gentry: "They are, for the most part, the worst instructed, and the least knowing of any of their rank I ever went amongst. . . . After they have forgot their catechism, they acquire no more new knowledge but what they learn in plays and romances." Doubtless there were exceptions to this rule.

52 13. **The sphinx.** The sphinx was sent by Juno to ravage the country of Thebes. She propounded the following riddle, and the Thebans might not be delivered from her ravages until it was answered: "What animal is that which goes on four feet in the morning, on two at noon, and on three in the evening?" Œdipus gave the answer, "Man," and solved the riddle.

53 7. **Dum tacet hanc loquitur,** even when silent he talks of her.

53 8. **That whole epigram.** Martial: *Epig.* I. lxviii. 1–6. The last two lines of the epigram are not given.

XIII. THE SHAME OF POVERTY AND THE DREAD OF IT.

53. **Motto:** "The shame of poverty and the dread of it." — Horace: *Epis.* I. xviii. 24 (*Spectator*, No. 114).

53 23. **Conversations.** In this connection the word means *intercourse with others*, or *relations with others*.

54 12. **Dipped,** mortgaged.

54 13. **Usury,** interest. The word is now applied only to excessive interest. Until comparatively recent times, the taking of money for the use of money was regarded as immoral. The Church condemned the practice.

54 14. **Proud stomach.** *Stomach* signifies pride, obstinacy, or stubbornness. The two words taken together mean *stubborn pride*.

54 27. **Libertine,** free from restraint, uncontrolled.

54 33. **Personate.** The word as used here evidently means *to play the part of* master of the estate; that is, *to keep up appearances*.

55 9, 15. **Laertes . . . Irus.** The writers of the eighteenth century frequently gave their characters classical names. In the *Odyssey*, Laertes is the father of the great Ulysses, and Irus is a beggar.

55 12. **Four shillings in the pound.** This was the land tax for the year 1711. In England the land tax, which was imposed upon the

income derived from land, was not made perpetual until the reign of George III. In the case mentioned, Laertes must pay the land tax on his whole estate, although the property was mortgaged.

55 19. **Charges his estate**, etc. The statement indicates that each child needs for his support the interest on fifteen hundred pounds.

56 12. **Out of nature**, unnatural, not in the order of nature.

56 14. **Mr. Cowley.** Abraham Cowley, the poet, was born in London in 1618.

56 17. **The elegant author**, etc. Thomas Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, wrote a life of Cowley, which was published with an edition of the works of that poet in 1680.

56 21. **Mr. Cowley's great vulgar.** The expression occurs in these lines, —

> "Hence, ye profane! I hate you all;
> Both the great vulgar, and the small." —

the first two lines of Cowley's paraphrase of Horace's ode, beginning: "Odi profanum." They may be found at the end of Cowley's essay, — *Of Greatness*. It is impossible to tell what Steele means by his remark.

57 6. **Mechanic being.** The statement in which this expression occurs is so careless that it is difficult to determine the exact meaning of these words.

57 12. **So abstracted from the common relish of the world**, *i.e.* so different from the way of thinking characteristic of people in general.

57 18. **If e'er Ambition**, etc. Cowley inserts these lines in his prose essay, — *Of Greatness*. The first two lines are omitted. These are:

> "If ever I more riches did desire
> Than cleanliness and quiet do require."

XIV. LABOR AND EXERCISE.

57. **Motto:** "Grant me a sound mind in a sound body." — Juvenal: *Sat.* x. 356 (*Spectator*, No. 115).

57 26. **As it rises**, because it rises.

58 5. **Engine**, instrument.

58 19. **Tone**, state of health and vigor.

58 19. **Humors.** See note referring to p. 7, l. 9.

58 26. **Those spirits**, the "animal spirits," as they are sometimes called.

58 30. **The spleen,** ill humor. The spleen was formerly supposed to be the seat of ill humor and fretfulness.

58 31. **Sedentary tempers,** *i.e.* sluggish temperaments. The word "temper" was formerly used to denote the mixture or relative proportion of the four cardinal humors, — blood, choler, phlegm, and melancholy.

58 32. **The vapors,** the "blues," depression of spirits.

59 24. **Business of this kind.** See note referring to p. 51, l. 18.

60 7. **Distinction sake.** Note the old form.

60 10. **Geldings,** horses.

60 24. **Dr. Sydenham,** an eminent English physician who died in 1689.

60 28. **Medicina Gymnastica,** *or a Treatise concerning the Power of Exercise,* by Francis Fuller, M. A.

61 5. **A Latin treatise of exercises.** *Artis Gymnasticae apud Antiquos . . . Libri VI.* (Venice, 1569). By Hieronymus Mercurialis. — (From Morley's note.)

61 7. **σκιομαχία,** a later form of *σκια-μάχια*, has two meanings: it denotes an exercise for the hands and feet; and it is also the term for fighting with a shadow, or a mock fight.

61 16. **Uneasy,** disagreeable.

XV. SIR ROGER GOES A-HUNTING.

61. **Motto:** "Loud calls Cithaeron and the hounds upon Taÿgetus." — Virgil: *Georg.* iii. 43 (*Spectator*, No. 116).

62 3. **The Bastille,** a prison in Paris which was destroyed at the breaking out of the Revolution, July 14, 1789.

62 32. **Stone-horse,** stallion.

62 33. **Staked himself,** *i.e.* was pierced with a stake while jumping.

63 3. **Stop hounds,** dogs trained to hunt slowly, stopping at the huntsman's signal.

63 6. **Cry,** pack.

63 6. **The whole cry makes up a complete concert.** A book printed in 1675, called *Country Contentments, or, The Husbandman's Recreations*, by Gervase Markham, contains the following: "If you would have your kennel for sweetness of cry, then you must compound it of some large dogs, that have deep, solemn mouths, and are swift in spending, which must, as it were, bear the base in the consort; then a double number of roaring, and loud-ringing mouths, which must bear

the counter-tenor; then some hollow, plain, sweet mouths, which must bear the mean or middle part; and so with these three parts of music, you shall make your cry perfect: and herein you shall observe, that these hounds thus mixed, do run just and even together, and do not hang loose off from one another, which is the vilest sight that may be; etc."

63 13. **Counter tenor,** high tenor.

63 17. **My hounds are bred,** etc. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act IV. Sc. 1.

63 18. **Flewed.** Hounds have low-hanging "flews," or chaps.

63 18. **So sanded,** *i.e.* of such a sandy color.

63 20. **Dewlapped.** The "dewlap" is the pendulous skin under the neck, such as characterizes the ox.

63 21. **Mouths.** This should be *mouth*, which means *bark*.

63 22. **Each under each,** *i.e.* at proper musical intervals.

64 1. **To beat,** *i.e.* to range over a certain country, beating the bushes to rouse the game.

64 4. **Furze-brake,** a thicket of thorny evergreen shrubs.

65 2. **[Having] been put up again,** *i.e.* having been started from her cover.

65 20. **Spent,** exhausted.

65 21. **Threw down his pole.** Speaking of a set of contemporary prints representing hunting scenes in the eighteenth century, Ashton says: "Only the gentlemen are represented as being on horseback, the huntsmen having leaping poles. This was better for them than being mounted, for the country was nothing like as cultivated as now, and perfectly undrained, so that they could go straighter on foot, and with these poles leaps could be taken that no horseman would attempt." In his *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*, vol. i. chaps. xxii., xxiii., and xxiv., Ashton gives an interesting account of the sports of the English gentry.

65 26. **Opening,** baying.

66 3. **Monsieur Pascal.** Blaise Pascal, the celebrated French philosopher and mathematician, was born in 1623. Macaulay says of his writings: "All Europe read and admired, laughed and wept."

66 4. **Discourse on the Misery of Man** (*Misère de l'homme*). This is the seventh article in the *Pensées de Pascal* (*Pascal's Thoughts*).

67 1. **Lines out of Mr. Dryden.** John Dryden, noted as poet, dramatist, and critic, was born in 1631 and died in 1700. The extract is from his *Epistle XV. To John Dryden.* The first two lines quoted are the 73d and 74th; the next is the 88th; the rest follow in their proper order.

XVI. A VILLAGE WITCH.

67. **Motto:** "Their visions are of their own making." — Virgil: *Eclog.* viii. 108 (*Spectator*, No. 117).

67 22. **Witchcraft.** The following extract is from an act passed in 1603 (1 James I. Cap. 12), which continued in force until 1736: "... if any person or persons ... shall use, practice, or exercise any invocation or conjuration of any evil and wicked spirit; or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed, or reward any evil and wicked spirit to or for any intent or purpose, or take up any dead man, woman, or child, out of his, her, or their grave, ... or shall use, practice, or exercise any witchcraft ... whereby any person shall be killed, destroyed, wasted, consumed, pined or lamed in his or her body, or any part thereof, that then every such offender or offenders ... shall suffer pains of death as a felon or felons, and shall lose the privilege and benefit of clergy and sanctuary." For an interesting account of witchcraft, see John Ashton's *The Devil in Britain and America* (1896).

68 22. **The following description in Otway.** Thomas Otway, a celebrated English dramatist, was born in 1651. The extract given is from the second act of a tragedy called *The Orphan*. The first line should read: "*Through* a close lane etc." The next line, which is here omitted, is: "And meditated on the last night's vision."

68 31. **Weeds,** garments.

XVII. SIR ROGER'S REFLECTIONS ON THE WIDOW.

71. **Motto:** "Fast sticks the deadly arrow in his side." — Virgil: *Æn.* iv. 73 (*Spectator*, No. 118).

72 12. **Impertinent,** meddlesome, intrusive.

72 13. **Pleasant,** amusing.

72 15. **Is a great fortune,** *i.e.* possesses a great fortune. We have the colloquial expression, —"He 's a great catch."

72 32. **Addressed to,** wooed.

72 32. **Presented,** courted by gifts.

74 22. **This woman,** the widow, of course.

75 8. **Comes into the garden out of books,** *i.e.* leaves her books to come into the garden.

75. **Motto:**

> "That city they call Rome, I, simple clown,
> Thought, Meliboeus, like our country town." — (Ogilby.)
>
> VIRGIL: *Eclog.* i. 20 (*Spectator*, No. 119).

75 22. **Several,** various.

76 2. **Conversation,** social intercourse.

76 19. **Them,** *i.e.* the manners of the last age.

76 22. **Never conversed in the world,** *i.e.* never mingled in fashionable society.

78 18. **Head-dresses.** In No. 98 of the *Spectator*, Addison says, speaking of the head-dress: "About ten years ago, it shot up to a very great height, insomuch that the female part of our species were much taller than the men. The women were of such an enormous stature that we appeared as grasshoppers before them."

XIX. SIR ROGER AT THE ASSIZES.

79. **Motto:** "A pleasant comrade on the road is as good as a coach." — Publius Syrus (*Spectator*, No. 122).

79 27. **County assizes,** periodical sessions held in the county by the judges of the superior courts.

80 5. **Yeoman.** The yeomen in England are considered as next in order to the gentry.

80 5. **Of about an hundred pounds a year,** *i.e.* having an income of about a hundred pounds a year.

80 6. **The Game Act.** The act referred to, — 3 James I. Cap. 14, clause 5, — declared that no one might shoot game who had not an income of forty pounds a year or two hundred pounds' worth of goods and chattels. The law was in force until 1827.

80 13. **Petty jury.** The petty (or petit) jury consists of twelve men who are impaneled to try causes at court. It is so named in distinction from the grand jury, which may consist of a larger number. The functions of the two are distinct.

80 15. **For taking the law of everybody,** *i.e.* for bringing the law to bear upon everybody.

80 19. **Ejectments,** actions for the recovery of the possession of real property, and damages and costs for the wrongful withholding of it.

80 23. **He has cast and been cast,** *i.e.* he has gained lawsuits, and has lost them.

82 9. **To do honor to his old master had . . . put him up in a sign-post before the door.** Mr. G. Gregory Smith says in his note: "Portrait signs were not uncommon. Pontack, the famed purveyor, had a likeness of his father on his signboard."

82 32. **Discovering,** giving vent to.

XX. THE EDUCATION OF AN HEIR.

83. **Motto:** "Learning improves native gifts, and wise discipline strengthens the character: degenerate morals are not redeemed by noble birth." — Horace: *Od.* IV. iv. 33 (*Spectator*, No. 123).

84 16. **This makes me often think on a story I have heard.** In a letter to Mr. Montague, written on the day that this number of the *Spectator* was published, Addison says: "Being very well pleased with this day's *Spectator*, I cannot forbear sending you one of them, and desiring your opinion of the story in it. When you have a son I shall be glad to be his Leontine, as my circumstances will probably be like his . . . ."

85 2. **The Gazette.** The *London Gazette* is the official newspaper of the government. It was first published in 1642, but the first of the existing series was issued at Oxford in 1665, whither the court had gone to escape from the plague. Steele was appointed gazetteer in 1707.

85 10. **Turned of forty,** *i.e.* a little over forty. In his essay on *The Danger of Procrastination*, Cowley says: "But there is no fooling with life, when it is once turned beyond forty."

86 31. **The Inns of Court.** See note referring to p. 7, l. 6.

87 11. **Uneasy,** disturbing.

87 33. **Closet,** private apartment.

XXI. MISCHIEFS OF PARTY SPIRIT.

89. **Motto:**

> "Your hearts to harden with dire war forbear,
> Nor with such force your country's bowels tear." — (Ogilby.)
>
> VIRGIL: *Æn.* vi. 833 (*Spectator*, No. 125).

89 4. **Roundheads and Cavaliers.** During the reign of Charles I. the nickname, *Roundheads*, was given to the Puritans, who wore their hair short. They were so called in opposition to the *Cavaliers*, or Royalists, who wore their hair long.

89 6. **St. Anne's Lane.** "Probably St. Anne's Lane, Great Peter Street, Westminster, where Purcell [an eminent musician and composer] lived." — (Mr. Aitken's note.)

89 22. **Make honest gentlemen hate one another.** "Soon after this paper appeared, Swift wrote to Esther Johnson [See *Journal to*

Stella]: 'I met Pastoral Philips and Mr. Addison on the Mall to-day, and took a turn with them; but they looked terribly dry and cold. A curse on Party!'" — (Mr. Aitken's note.)

90 16. **Plutarch,** a Greek moralist, and the greatest biographer of ancient times, was born about A.D. 50. His *Lives*, — parallel lives of Greeks and Romans arranged in pairs, — and his *Morals* are the most widely read of his works. The passage quoted, or rather paraphrased, may be found in Professor Goodwin's translation of Plutarch's *Morals*, vol. i. *How a Man may receive Advantage and Profit from his Enemies.*

90 25. **That great rule.** Luke vi. 27–29, "But I say unto you which hear, Love your enemies, etc."

91 9. **Two different mediums.** The mediums may be air and water. A pencil placed in a glass of water furnishes an illustration.

91 28. **Postulatums.** *Postulata* is the correct plural. A postulatum, or postulate, is a proposition or supposition which is considered self-evident, and which, consequently, needs no proof.

92 5. **Guelphs and Ghibellines.** Two great political parties whose conflicts lasted during the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. The Guelphs supported the pope and the Ghibellines the German emperor.

92 6. **The League.** The Holy Catholic League, — the object of which was, to prevent the accession of Henry IV. of France, who was then of the reformed religion, — was formed in 1576, and lasted till Henry embraced Romanism, in 1593.

92 29. **In great figures of life,** *i.e.* in conspicuous positions.

XXII. MISCHIEFS OF PARTY SPIRIT — *Continued.*

93. **Motto:** "Be he Trojan or Rutulian, it shall be the same to me." — Virgil: *Æn.* x. 108 (*Spectator*, No. 126).

94 17. **Diodorus Siculus,** a historian, born in Sicily, who lived in the first century B.C. The *Historical Library* of Diodorus, which was written in Greek, was a history of the world from the earliest times to 60 B.C. Fifteen books only have been preserved. The account of the ichneumon may be found in the Latin version: *Bibliothecae Historicae*, Liber I: xxxv., lxxxiii.

94 23. **Finds his account in them,** *i.e.* finds them of advantage to him.

95 8. **Men of a politer conversation,** *i.e.* men of greater social refinement.

95 16. **Whig jockeys and Tory fox hunters.** See note referring to p. 4, l. 4.

95 28. **His interest,** *i.e.* his influence in the community.

96 1. **Bad cheer,** bad food poorly cooked.

96 33. **Fanatic.** The word was sometimes applied to Dissenters of various kinds.

97 8. **Their first principles,** *i.e.* their beginnings.

97 12. **Dyer's Letter.** "John Dyer, a Jacobite printer, issued manuscript news-letters to customers in the country. He was more than once in trouble for spreading false news. . . . He cared not for truth, so long as he lashed the Whigs." — (From Mr. Aitken's note.)

97 15. **Communicate,** give.

XXIII. GYPSIES AT COVERLEY.

97. **Motto:** "Still is it their delight to gain fresh booty, and by plunder live." — Virgil: *Æn.* vii. 748 (*Spectator*, No. 130).

97 22. **Exert the justice of the peace,** *i.e.* use his authority as justice of the peace.

98 11. **Agog for,** eager for.

98 31. **Cassandra,** a prophetess, daughter of King Priam of Troy.

98 31. **Lines** on the inside of the hand.

99 6. **Line of life,** a line on the inside of the hand, curving about the base of the thumb. By examining this line the palmister foretells the length of a person's life.

99 7. **Baggage,** a saucy girl.

99 19. **The darkness of an oracle.** Oracles were usually incoherent or susceptible of two or more interpretations.

99 30. **Vermin,** small noxious animals.

100 22. **Gave him for drowned.** "I give not heaven for lost." — Milton.

XXIV. THE SPECTATOR LOOKS TOWARD LONDON.

101. **Motto:** "Ye woods, once more farewell!" — Virgil: *Ecl.* x. 63 (*Spectator*, No. 131).

102 3. **Spring.** "To spring game" is to start it, so that it rises from its cover.

102 5. **Put up,** *i.e.* start from the cover.

102 6. **Foil the scent.** Where there is a variety of game, it is impossible for the dogs to follow the scent of one particular animal.

102 7. **Puzzle,** make intricate.

102 10. **The cities of London and Westminster.** These cities now form a part of the great metropolis of London.

102 25. **Cunning man,** a man possessed of unusual knowledge or skill.

102 28. **White witch.** A white witch or wizard was of a beneficent disposition. Dryden says: "And, like white witches, mischievously good."

102 31. **Wishes,** hopes.

103 3. **Converses very promiscuously,** *i.e.* associates with all sorts of persons.

103 15. **Discovers,** reveals.

104 4. **Smelling to.** *Smell to* was formerly used colloquially, as we use *smell of*.

104 9. **Stories of a cock and bull,** *i.e.* cock and bull stories; extravagant, boastful stories.

104 14. **Service,** *i.e.* my service.

104 14. **Sir Andrew,** etc. It will be remembered that Sir Andrew Freeport was a Whig, and Sir Roger de Coverley a Tory.

XXV. TO LONDON BY STAGE-COACH.

104. **Motto:** "He who fails to see what the occasion demands, or talks too much, or is boastful, or has not proper regard for the company he is in, — such a man is called impertinent." — Cicero: *De Orat.* ii. 4 (*Spectator*, No. 132).

104 25. **Chamberlain,** an upper servant in an inn.

104 27. **Mrs.,** mistress, a title of courtesy given to unmarried as well as to married women in the eighteenth century and earlier.

104 27. **The great fortune,** meaning, of course, the person possessed of the fortune.

105 16. **Half-pike.** A pike is a sharp-pointed weapon consisting of a long shaft with an iron head. The half-pike is about half the length of the ordinary pike.

105 18. **Equipage,** "satirically applied to a single orderly," Mr. G. Gregory Smith suggests. The term was formerly used to indicate the appurtenances of office or social position, whatever these might be.

105 18. **Was very loud,** *i.e.* insisted in a loud voice.

106 10. **Brideman,** bridesman, best man at a wedding.

106 15. **Smartness,** acuteness and vivacity. This use of the word corresponds very nearly to the present colloquial use in the United States. It would be well to consult the dictionary for the various meanings of *smart*.

106 32. **Fleer at,** jeer at.

107 4. **Hasped up,** fastened as with a hasp.

107 7. **Happy,** ready, apt.

107 12. **Smoky,** suspicious.

107 20. **Fell under,** fell to the charge of.

107 21. **Disputes on the road.** "The roads were so bad that often only the centre was passable, and when vehicles met, one of them had to pull up." — (Mr. Aitken's note.)

108 4. **Inward,** earnest, genuine; opposed to superficial.

XXVI. SIR ANDREW ARGUES WITH SIR ROGER.

108. **Motto:** "So much can I recall, and know Thyrsis was vanquished in the strife." — Virgil: *Ecl.* vii. 69 (*Spectator*, No. 174).

In the original issue the motto was: "Metiri se quemque suo modulo ac pede verum est" (Every one should gauge himself by his own rule and measure). — Horace: *Epis.* I. vii. 98.

108 24. **The old Roman fable,** the fable of the *Belly and the Members*. Menenius Agrippa, a Roman consul, is said to have related this fable to the plebeians at a time when there was trouble between them and the patricians. See Livy's *History of Rome*, bk. ii. chap. xxxii.; or Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*, Act I. Sc. 1.

109 1. **The landed and the trading interest of Great Britain.** Speaking of the first part of the eighteenth century in England, Lecky says: "The influence of the industrial classes had for a long time been steadily increasing, with the accumulation of industrial wealth. . . . It was noticed, as a remarkable sign of the democratic spirit that followed the Commonwealth, that country gentlemen in England had begun to bind their sons as apprentices to merchants, and also, that about the same time the desire to obtain large portions in marriage led to alliances between the aristocracy and the merchants." — Lecky's *History of England in the XVIIIth Century*, vol. i. chap. ii.

109 10. **Carthaginian faith.** The term *Punica fides* (Punic, or Carthaginian faith) was used by the Romans, who stigmatized the Carthaginians as perfidious. Hence, *Punic faith* means treachery. The Carthaginians belonged to the Phœnician race, — a race of noted traders.

109 19. **Account** seems to mean in this case *efforts*, or *calculations*.

109 29. **By taking notice,** *i.e.* by remarking that.

110 9. **The way,** *i.e.* the right of way.

110 20. **Quality,** rank, social position.

110 26. **Artificers,** workmen, mechanics.

110 28. **On Sir Roger's charge,** *i.e.* at Sir Roger's expense.

111 7. **To break,** to fail in business, to become bankrupt.

111 11. **Bears,** carries with it.

111 13. **Impertinently,** unwarrantably.

112 3. **Assurance,** insurance. Recently *assurance* has been used in England in relation to life contingencies only; *insurance* in relation to other contingencies.

112 4. **The custom to the queen,** *i.e.* the tariff, or duties on exports or imports.

112 11. **Communicates,** shares.

112 17. **Rents,** *i.e.* income.

113 3. **Sullied by a trade.** See Sir Roger's remarks on pp. 38, 39.

113 19. **Ramage de la ville,** the warbling of the city.

XXVII. SIR ROGER IN LONDON.

113. **Motto:** "In our age most rare, — simplicity." — Ovid: *Ars Am.* i. 241 (*Spectator*, No. 269).

114 6. **Gray's Inn Walks.** See note referring to p. 7, l. 6.

114 10. **Prince Eugene,** or François Eugène de Savoy, was born in Paris in 1663. As a general under the emperor of Austria, he raised the reputation of the Austrian army to a point which it had never before reached. In 1712 he went to London on a diplomatic mission. His object was to regain the friendship of that country for the allies against France, and to induce the queen to restore Marlborough to the command from which he had just been dismissed. He was unsuccessful in his mission.

114 16. **Scanderbeg** (Alexander — chief), originally named George Castriota, was a celebrated Eastern warrior, born in Albania in 1404.

114 34. **Had made a most incomparable sermon,** etc., *i.e.* he had delivered one of Dr. Barrow's sermons. Dr. Barrow was an eminent divine who died in 1677.

115 3. **Thirty marks** was equivalent to £20, — **a sum that represented a far greater value than** £20 now represents.

115 7. **Tobacco stopper,** a small plug for pressing down the tobacco in a pipe as it is smoked.

115 24. **Keeps open house at Christmas.** The festival of Christmas properly begins on the evening of the 24th of December, and lasts till Twelfth Night, the evening of Epiphany. Irving's *Sketch Book* contains an interesting description of an English Christmas, and an exhaustive account may be found in John Ashton's *A Right Merrie Christmas!!* Mr. Ashton quotes an order proclaimed by Charles I., directing noblemen, bishops, and others to "resort to their several counties where they usually reside, and there keep their habitations and hospitality." He also quotes the following from an old account of Christmas: "In Christmas holidays the tables were all spread from the first to the last; sirloins of beef, the minced pies, the plum porridge, the capons, geese, turkeys, plum puddings, were all brought upon the board." Mince pie, usually known as "Christmas pie," was particularly obnoxious to the Puritans, who, while they were in power, used every effort to do away with the celebration of Christmas.

115 28. **Hog's puddings,** sausages.

116 3. **Small beer,** weak beer.

116 13. **The late Act of Parliament,** the Act of Occasional Conformity, passed in 1710. The Test Act, passed in 1673, made the reception of the Anglican sacrament a necessary qualification for becoming a member of a corporation and for the enjoyment of most civil offices. Moderate Dissenters, in order to retain their offices, had been in the habit of receiving the sacrament occasionally from an Anglican clergyman. The Occasionally Conformity Bill, framed to exclude such persons, declared that in order to hold office they must be able to testify that for a year they had not attended a Non-Conformist conventicle. See Lecky's *England in the XVIIIth Century*, chap. i.

116 27. **The Pope's Procession.** The accession of Queen Elizabeth was celebrated annually by a procession on the 17th of November. Party tumults often resulted from these commemorations, and the occasion referred to — the celebration of 1711 — was especially riotous. See Swift's *Journal to Stella* for the date mentioned.

117 10. **Squire's.** Squire's coffee-house, near Gray's Inn, was frequented chiefly by the benchers and students of the Inn.

117 17. **Supplement, one of the newspapers of the day.**

118 7. **Socrates, in Plato's Alcibiades.** Socrates the philosopher was born at Athens about B.C. 470, and the philosopher Plato was born at Athens or at Ægina about B.C. 429. The passage quoted occurs in Plato's *First Alcibiades*, — a supposed argument between Socrates and the distinguished young Athenian, Alcibiades.

XXVIII. SIR ROGER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

119. **Motto:** "It yet remains for us to go whither Numa went, and Ancus." — Horace: *Epis.* I. vi. 27 (*Spectator*, No. 329).

119 2. **Westminster Abbey** may be traced back to the early part of the seventh century. A large portion of the present edifice was completed in 1245. The western towers were added by Sir Christopher Wren. Many of the English sovereigns and large numbers of distinguished persons are buried in the Abbey.

119 10. **Baker's Chronicle.** See note referring to p. 22, l. 17.

119 17. **Widow Trueby's water.** The "strong waters" of the time consisted chiefly of distilled spirits.

120 2. **The sickness being at Dantzic.** The plague began to spread through Northern Europe in 1704, and its progress was not arrested till 1714. Dantzic suffered severely.

120 16. **Engaged,** *i.e.* deeply interested. Sir Roger was not, as we know, pledged to the widow.

121 1. **Sir Cloudesley Shovel.** A distinguished admiral who had a prominent part in the victory of La Hogue, in 1692. "The monument is in the fourth aisle of the choir." — (Aitken.)

121 4. **Dr. Busby.** Dr. Richard Busby was master of the Westminster School for fifty-five years. He died in 1695.

121 13. **The statesman Cecil upon his knees.** William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, was secretary of state under Queen Elizabeth. He erected in Westminster Abbey an "elaborate and sumptuously gilt monument" to the memory of his wife and daughter. "The upper story exhibits a kneeling statue of Lord Burghley, in his robes of state, etc." According to Neale, this monument is in the chapel of St. Nicholas.

121 15. **That martyr . . . who died by the prick of a needle.** The "martyr" was Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Lord John Russell. The monument is in St. Edmund's Chapel. The position of the figure "gave rise to an absurd yet frequently repeated story, that the young Lady bled to death through pricking her finger with a needle." — See Neale's *History and Antiquities of Westminster Abbey*.

121 22. **The two coronation chairs.** "At the west end of the chapel [the Chapel of St. Edward the Confessor] are the two coronation chairs, still used at the coronations of the sovereigns of Great Britain — one containing the famous stone of Scone on which the Scottish kings were wont to be crowned, and which Edward I. carried away with him as an evidence of his absolute conquest of Scotland: . . . it is simply

a block of reddish-gray sandstone of the western coasts of Scotland, squared and smoothed. 'In this chair and on this stone every English sovereign from Edward I. to Queen Victoria has been inaugurated.' [Stanley.] The other chair was made for the coronation of Mary, Queen of William III. Between the two are placed the great two-handed sword borne before Edward III. in France." — Wheatley and Cunningham: *London Past and Present.*

There are many traditions concerning the stone of Scone, one of which is, that Jacob, when at Bethel, rested his head upon it.

121 31. **Trepanned,** caught.

122 5. **The Black Prince . . . Edward the Third.** The reign of Edward III. would be interesting to the knight chiefly on account of the victories of Crecy and Poictiers. The latter was gained by the Black Prince, Edward's son.

122 11. **Touched for the evil.** Scrofula was called "king's evil" because, from the reign of Edward the Confessor to that of Queen Anne, the notion prevailed that the disease might be cured by the royal touch. The last person "touched" in England was Dr. Johnson, who, as a child, was touched by Queen Anne.

122 15. **Without an head.** The figure was "the effigy of Henry V., which was plated with silver except the head, and that was of solid metal. At the dissolution of the monasteries [in 1536 and 1539], the figure was stripped of its plating, and the head stolen."— (Green's note.)

122 16. **Giving us to know,** *i.e.* upon his informing us.

123 2. **Norfolk Buildings,** in Norfolk Street, Strand.

123 14. **Smock-faced,** smooth-faced, girlish.

XXIX. SIR ROGER AT THE PLAY.

123. **Motto:** "I bid the wise poet look for his models in the life about him: so will he speak living words."— Horace: *Ars Poet.*, 317 (*Spectator*, No. 335).

123 24. **The new tragedy,** *The Distressed Mother*, by Ambrose Philips, an adaption of Racine's *Andromaque*. The plot is as follows:

After the fall of Troy, Andromache, Hector's widow, and Astyanax, his son, become the slaves of Pyrrhus. Pyrrhus's father, Achilles, has killed Hector in battle. Pyrrhus declares that if Andromache will become his wife, her son shall be proclaimed King of the Trojans: if she refuses, he shall be delivered up to the revengeful Greeks. Andromache consents, intending to take her own life immediately after the marriage ceremony. Hermione, who is betrothed to Pyrrhus, is so incensed when she hears of his perfidy that she induces Orestes to stir up the

Greeks against him: and just as he has proclaimed Astyanax king, he is killed. Hermione takes her own life, and Orestes is pursued by the furies. Thus, in the end, the "distressed mother" is delivered from her enemies.

123 26. **The Committee,** by Sir Robert Howard, had great vogue after the Restoration, on account of its political character. See Pepys's *Diary* (12th June, 1663). — Mr. G. Gregory Smith's note.

124 9. **The Mohocks.** "The impunity with which outrages were committed in the ill-lit and ill-guarded streets of London during the first half of the eighteenth century can now hardly be realized. In 1712 a club of young men of the higher classes, who assumed the name of Mohocks, were accustomed nightly to sally out drunk into the streets to hunt the passers-by and to subject them in mere wantonness to the most atrocious outrages. . . . Maid servants as they opened their masters' doors were waylaid, beaten, and their faces cut. Matrons inclosed in barrels were rolled down the steep and stony incline of Snow Hill. Watchmen were unmercifully beaten and their noses slit. Country gentlemen went to the theatre as if in time of war, accompanied by their armed retainers." — Lecky's *England in the XVIIIth Century*, chap. iii.

125 3. **The battle of Steenkirk,** or Enghein, was fought in 1692. In this battle, the English under William III. were defeated by the French under Marshal Luxembourg.

125 5. **Oaken plants,** cudgels of oak.

125 18. **In the middle of the pit.** Ashton, in his *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*, quotes the following from Misson in regard to Drury Lane Theatre: "The pit is an amphitheatre, filled with benches without back boards, and adorned and covered with green cloth. Men of quality, particularly the younger sort, some ladies of reputation and virtue, [and many women of ill repute], sit all together in this place, higgledy, piggledy, chatter, toy, play, hear, hear not. Farther up, against the wall, under the first gallery, and just opposite to the stage, rises another amphitheatre, which is taken up by persons of the best quality, among whom are generally very few men. The galleries, whereof there are only two rows, are filled with none but ordinary people, particularly the upper one."

125 21. **The King of France,** Louis XIV.

126 1. **Upon Pyrrhus his threatening afterwards to leave her. On this occasion, Pyrrhus says:**

> ". . . Henceforth I blot you from my mind:
> You teach me to forget your charms; to hate you!"

The form of the possessive used in the phrase referred to is probably a corruption of the older form which ended in *is* or *es*.

126 8. **Dramatic rules.** Doubtless the writer has in mind the *three unities*, — unity of time, unity of place, and unity of action, — in accordance with which the French dramatists of the time and their English imitators constructed their tragedies. It is interesting to compare Aristotle's remarks on this subject, in his *Poetics*, with the positive creed of the French classical school.

126 15. **I suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost.** At the end of Act III., Andromache, who has decided to become the wife of Pyrrhus, expresses her determination to visit the tomb of Hector. She ends her speech as follows:

> "Oh! may he [Hector] rise in pity from his tomb,
> And fix his wretched son's uncertain doom!"

126 18. **Astyanax** does not appear on the scene.

126 25. **Baggage,** a saucy young woman.

126 32. **Pylades,** the friend and companion of Orestes.

127 1. **The old fellow in whiskers.** Phœnix, counsellor to Pyrrhus.

127 4. **Smoke,** quiz, ridicule.

127 10. **It was not done upon the stage.** The Greeks did not represent scenes of violence upon the stage, and their imitators, the Romans and the classical tragedians of modern times, have, for the most part, followed their example.

127 13. **Orestes, in his madness,** etc. After the death of Pyrrhus, Orestes, who sees the furies approaching, says:

> " . . . Look where they come;
> A shoal of furies — How they swarm about me!
> My terror! Hide me! Oh, their snaky locks!"

XXX. WILL HONEYCOMB DISCOURSES.

127. **Motto:** "The savage lioness pursues the wolf, the wolf in turn the goat; the wanton goat preys on the flowering trefoil." — Virgil: *Ecl.* ii. 63 (*Spectator*, No. 359).

128 7. **To lay,** to bet.

128 29. **Turned of threescore,** *i.e.* more than threescore.

129 4. **Put** (the *u* is pronounced as in *up*), a term signifying contempt; *clown* may serve as a synonym.

129 10. **Jointure,** an estate settled on a wife, which she is to enjoy after her husband's decease, in the place of dower.

130 13. **The book I had considered last Saturday.** No 357 of the *Spectator*, issued on the Saturday mentioned, consists of an article on the tenth book of *Paradise Lost*.

130 17. **O! why did our,** etc. The correct reading is: "Oh, why did *God*," etc. — *Paradise Lost*, bk. x. ll. 888–908.

130 27. **Straight conjunction,** *i.e.* close relation.

130 35. **Fell,** fierce, cruel.

XXXI. SIR ROGER AT VAUXHALL.

131. **Motto:** "By crimes their gardens are maintained." — Juvenal: *Sat.* i. 76 (*Spectator*, No. 383).

131 14. **Spring Garden.** Vauxhall (or Foxhall) Gardens, on the Surrey side of the Thames, were originally called "The New Spring Gardens" to distinguish them from the Old Spring Gardens at Charing Cross.

131 23. **Temple Stairs,** a landing-place extending across two stone arches well into the Thames, within the Temple Grounds.

132 2. **Bate him a few strokes,** *i.e.* excuse him from a few strokes.

132 12. **La Hogue.** In the battle of La Hogue, in 1692, the English and Dutch fleets under Admirals Russell and Rooke defeated the French fleet commanded by Admiral Tourville.

132 20. **The seven wonders of the world.** These were: The Egyptian pyramids, the mausoleum erected by Artemisia at Halicarnassus, the temple of Artemis at Ephesus, the walls and hanging gardens of Babylon, the colossus at Rhodes, the statue of Zeus by Phidias in the great temple at Olympia, and the Pharos, or lighthouse, at Alexandria.

132 29. **The fifty new churches.** Although many churches were built after the great fire of 1666, when two-thirds of London was destroyed, it was found, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, that the number was insufficient. In 1711 Parliament passed resolutions for the building of fifty new churches, to meet the needs of the rapidly growing suburbs.

133 3. **Knight of the shire.** See note referring to p. 39, l. 16.

133 23. **A kind of Mahometan paradise.** Among the enjoyments promised the followers of Mohammed in a future life are feasts, music, delicious odors, and, above all, the society of the houris, "the black-eyed daughters of paradise, who are created of pure musk."

133 28. **Your nightingale.** The *your* is colloquial.

133 32. **Mask,** *i.e.* a person wearing a mask.

134 3. **Wanton baggage,** *i.e.* a woman of loose character.

134 6. **Hung beef,** dried beef.

134 13. **A member of the quorum,** *i.e.* a justice of the peace.

XXXII. DEATH OF SIR ROGER.

134. **Motto:** "Alas for piety and early faith!" — Virgil: *Æn.* vi. 878 (*Spectator*, No. 517).

134 22. **Sir Roger de Coverley is dead.** "In No. 1 of the *Bee* (for February, 1733), Eustace Budgell, who set up that publication, and who probably was the intimate friend of Addison's to whom he there refers, said of Sir Roger de Coverley, 'Mr. Addison was so fond of this character that a little before he laid down the *Spectator* (foreseeing that some nimble gentleman would catch up his pen the moment he quitted it), he said to an intimate friend, with a certain warmth in his expression which he was not often guilty of, "By God, I 'll kill Sir Roger, that nobody else may murder him."' Accordingly the whole *Spectator*, No. 517, consists of nothing but an account of the old knight's death, and some moving circumstances which attended it. Steele had by this date resolved on bringing his *Spectator* to a close, and Addison's paper on the death of Sir Roger, the first of several which are to dispose of all members of the Spectator's Club — and break up the Club itself, was the first clear warning to the public that he had such an intention." — (Morley's note.)

134 26. **County sessions,** quarter sessions. See note referring to p. 7, l. 2.

136 2. **Frieze coat.** Frieze is a coarse woolen cloth with a shaggy nap on one side. It will be observed that Sir Roger's death occurs in October.

136 27. **Quitrents,** rents reserved in grants of land by the payment of which tenants are quit from other service. It appears that the word is not here used in the usual sense; it seems, rather, to signify *incumbrances*, or *claims*.

137 9. **The Act of Uniformity.** The third Act of Uniformity was passed in 1662. Among other stringent provisions, it was decreed by this act, that all ministers in churches within England and Wales should declare their assent to the *Book of Common Prayer*, and read the morning and evening prayers therein. In consequence of this order, more than two thousand ministers are said to have resigned their preferments.

XXXIII. A NEW MASTER AT COVERLEY HALL.

138. **Motto:** "No one ever had a system of life so well established that circumstance, time, experience, did not bring him new knowledge, new aims: what we think we understand, we find ourselves ignorant of; what has seemed most desirable, on trial we reject."—Terence: *Adelph.*, Act. V. Sc. 4 (*Spectator*, No. 544).

138 20. **For the conversation of,** *i.e.* for intercourse with.

139 3. **Beings,** abodes.

139 15. **Getting into some being in the world,** *i.e.* getting established in life, getting some means of regular support.

139 26. **Put out,** bind out.

139 27. **Infant,** the legal term for a person under the age of twenty-one; a minor.

139 31. **Journey-work,** the work of a person who has learned his trade, as distinguished from the work of an apprentice; the term also means *day labour for hire.*

139 32. **His securities,** *i.e.* those who became surety for him.

139 25–32. **In cases where,** etc. It is difficult to determine the exact meaning of this statement. The statutes and customs regulating the system of apprenticeship were many. A fee of fifty pounds or more seems to have been given when the "infant" was bound out, except in the case of "poor apprentices." In the case mentioned, Captain Sentry lends the money for the fee. According to an act passed in 1562 (5 Elizabeth, Cap. 4, Sect. 31), no person might lawfully exercise any "art, mystery [*i.e.* trade], or manual occupation" who had not served seven years as an apprentice. This act was not repealed until 1875 (38–39 Victoria, Cap. 86, Sect. 17).

140 17. **Glorious events.** See chronological table in this volume.

140 28. **Colonel Camperfelt.** See note referring to p. 8, l. 30.

141 9. **Tully.** See note referring to p. 7, l. 20.

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